

THE European Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1793.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of RICHARD LEVERIDGE. And 2. A REPRESENTATION of the TOMB of CARDINAL RICHLIEU at the SORBONNE of PARIS.

CONTAINING

	Page	Page
An Account of Richard Leveridge,	243	the African Geography, from the communications of Major Houghton and Mr. Magra, 1791. Compiled in 1793, 289
Description of the Falls of Niagara, in a Letter from Andrew Ellicott, Esq. to Dr. Rush,	244	Drosiana. No. XLIX. Anecdotes of Illustrious and Extraordinary Persons perhaps not generally known, [contin.] 292
Illustration of the Story of the Two Westminster Scholars, mentioned in our last Magazine,	245	Theatrical Journal: including, Plan and Character of Rofe's "Children in the Wood"—Account of the Alterations of Holcroft's "School for Arrogance"—and Shakespeare's Tragedy of "Hamlet," as represented at Covent Garden, 297
Narrative in Answer to a Letter of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer, inserted in our last,	246	Poetry: including, The Mail Coach, a Poem, by Joseph Moser—Translations of "Pax Bello Potior"—Short Hints, addressed to a Friend, on his Intention of Writing a Novel—An Officer's Address to his Daughter, on receiving Order to join his Regiment abroad, &c. 298
New Comment on a doubtful Passage in Shakespeare,	247	Description of the Fish-Pond Houses, 302
Inscription to the Memory of Dr. George Stuart,	248	State Papers: including, Note delivered by Mr. Keene, Chargé d'Affaires from his Britannic Majesty, to the Ministers of the King of Sweden; with the Answer of M. Bergstedt—Note delivered on the 30th of July to the High Chancellor of Sweden, by the Russian Chargé d'Affaires—Remonstrances made to the Count de Sievers, the Russian Ambassador, on the Part of the King and the States of Poland, by the Chancellors of the Crown, and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania—Declaration of the Imperial and Royal Junto charged with the Administration of the Conquered Countries by the Emperor and King—Speeches of the King of Poland, delivered in the Polish Diet Grodno, July 17 and 30, 303
Account of the Tomb of Cardinal Richlieu, at the Sorbonne of Paris, ibid.		Foreign Intelligence from the London Gazettes, &c. 308
Further Account of John Brown, Painter, 249		Domestic Intelligence.
An Account of Edward Wortley Montague, jun. Esq. [concluded] 250		Mock Trial and Murder of the Queen of France,
Extraordinary Adventure of a Spanish Soldier, [concluded] 254		Monthly Obituary—Price of Stocks.
Original Letters of David Mallet, Esq. [continued] 257		
Table Talk; or, Anecdotes, &c. of Dr. Goldsmith, [continued] 258		
Agriculture—The <i>Urtica Urens</i> of Linnaeus, or common Stinging Nettle, recommended to be cultivated for Herbage; with the Method of Culture, established on the Test of various Experiments, 264		
London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors.		
Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. IV. Part I. 265		
An Essay towards a History of Bideford, in the County of Devon. By John Watkins, 273		
Whitaker's Origin of Ananism disclosed, 275		
Essay on the Principles of Translation, [concluded] 278		
Additional Anecdotes, &c. of Doctor Johnson.—Particulars communicated by Mr. Langton—Particulars communicated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 282		
The African Society.—Elucidations of		

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who sent us part of *Mr. Duncomb's Parody on Gray's Elegy*, seems not to know how often that piece has been printed.

D. B. may be assured that Original Letters from eminent Persons are always welcome to us.

ERRATUM.

In our Magazine for last Month, the Reader is desired to expunge the paragraph beginning, l. 5. p. 208. "It is pretty evident, &c." which was inserted by mistake of the Printer.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct. 12, to Oct. 19, 1793.

COUNTRIES upon the COAST.									
Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans.	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans.
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
London	00	0 00	0 00	0 00	0 00	0	Effex	42	10 00
INLAND COUNTIES.					6	Kent	43	3 32	6 33
Middlesex	45	0 37	0 34	5 24		Suffex	41	8 00	0 31
Surry	46	4 33	4 35	0 26	0	Suffolk	43	7 30	3 32
Hertford	44	6 36	3 34	3 23	1 40	6	Cambrid.	40	0 26
Bedford	45	11 33	8 33	7 24	1 37	8	Norfolk	42	2 28
Hunting.	43	1 00	0 33	8 20	10 36	2	Lincoln	43	10 34
Northamp.	46	4 32	6 33	11 22	9 40	9	York	42	9 34
Rutland	48	6 00	0 37	0 21	6 44	6	Durham	42	2 33
Leicester	53	2 00	0 38	6 24	6 45	9	Northum.	41	4 28
Notting.	50	3 37	2 39	0 24	4 44	11	Cumberl.	49	1 41
Derby	55	1 00	0 40	8 25	11 46	10	Westmor.	51	8 41
Stafford	52	7 00	0 39	2 25	2 46	1	Lancash.	49	1 00
Salop	50	16 40	8 38	4 26	9 49	3	Cheshire	49	7 00
Hereford	49	1 41	8 34	0 23	2 41	7	Gloucest.	48	9 00
Worcester	49	9 30	2 39	5 28	11 37	2	Somerfet	49	9 00
Warwick	49	10 00	0 37	8 27	4 44	2	Monmou.	51	6 00
Wilts	42	0 00	0 32	8 26	2 44	0	Devon	46	7 00
Berks	43	2 36	2 32	0 25	4 38	0	Cornwall	49	0 00
Oxford	44	4 00	0 30	2 24	10 35	6	Dorset	43	2 00
Bucks	44	8 00	0 33	7 24	0 36	5	Hants	41	2 00
					WALES.				
					N. Wales	44	4 18	0 28	0 14
					S. Wales	49	1 00	0 29	0 12

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.	9—30—15—	54—	W.
SEPTEMBER.					
26—30—	37—	58—	W.		
27—30—	30—	52—	S. E.		
28—30—	10—	53—	W.		
29—29—	74—	52—	W. S. W.		
30—29—	69—	53—	S. W.		
OCTOBER.					
1—29—	51—	60—	S.		
2—29—	70—	61—	S. W.		
3—30—	60—	60—	S.		
4—30—	02—	56—	S. W.		
5—30—	10—	55—	W.		
6—30—	12—	56—	S. W.		
7—30—	12—	53—	W S. W.		
8—30—	14—	55—	S. W.		
9—30—	15—	54—	W.		
10—29—	86—	54—	W.		
11—29—	87—	56—	W.		
12—29—	88—	57—	E.		
13—30—	02—	56—	S. E.		
14—30—	10—	57—	E. S. E.		
15—30—	34—	55—	E.		
16—30—	35—	54—	N. E.		
17—30—	20—	54—	W.		
18—30—	20—	54—	N. W.		
19—30—	16—	53—	W.		
20—30—	07—	54—	S. W.		
21—30—	07—	55—	W.		
22—30—	09—	54—	S. E.		
23—30—	20—	53—	S. E.		
24—30—	00—	52—	S. W.		
25—29—	69—	54—	S. W.		
26—29—	50—	52—	S. W.		

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
For OCTOBER 1793.

AN ACCOUNT OF RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

MOST of our readers must have heard of the venerable performer whose portrait adorns our present Magazine, and some of them, doubtless, remember the last exertions of his professional talents for their amusement. He was a public Singer for more than half a century, and during that long period was the delight of every truly English ear. The place of his birth is unknown, as is the state of his parents; the time about the year 1670. His appearance on the stage was before the commencement of the present century, and not much later than the Revolution. It has been said* that he performed the part of Ismeron, a Conjuror, in Dryden's, or rather Sir Robert Howard's, *Indian Queen*, in which he sung that fine song, "Ye twice ten hundred Deities," composed on purpose for him by Purcell†. He also sung in the opera of *Artinoë* (1705); *Camilla* (1706); *Rosamond* (1707); *Thomyris* (1707); and *Love's Triumph* (1708). In several of these pieces the Performers were part Italians and part English; but when the Opera became entirely Italian, Leveridge was no longer employed in them, but instead of him *Bocchi* sung the bass parts. On the opening of *Lincoln's Inn Fields* theatre, Mr. Leveridge appears to have attached himself to Mr. Rich, and in 1716 pro-

duced on that stage a comic opera called *Pyramus and Thisbe*, printed in the same year. The parts which he usually performed were such characters as *Pluto*, *Faustus*, *Merlin*, or in short any part in which a long beard was necessary. In the *Pantomimes* and other exhibitions of that kind of which Rich was the contriver, Mr. Galliard, who made the music to the best of these entertainments, composed many songs purposely for him, and one in particular in *The Necromancer*, or *Harlequin Doctor Faustus*, which Mr. Leveridge valued himself much upon singing, "Arise ye subtle forms that sport;" and Dr. Burney observes, that he remembers his singing "Ghosts of every occupation," and several of Purcell's bass songs, with much applause. He had a talent both for poetical and musical composition; the first he manifested by the opera already mentioned, and many songs of the jovial kind, made to well-known airs; the latter by the songs in the play of the *Island Princess*, altered by *Mortoux*, which have, it is said, great merit, and various others. Though he had been a performer in the Opera at the same time with *Nicolini* and *Valentini*, he had no notion of grace or elegance in singing; it was all strength and compass; and at one time, viz. in the year 1730, he thought his voice so good,

* Hawkins's History of Music, Vol. V. p. 182.

† This, however, as Dr. Burney observes, could not be on the original performance of that Play, which appeared before the year 1665, when it was first published.

Burney's History, Vol. V. p. 215.

that he offered for a wager of one hundred guineas to sing a bass song with any man in England.

About the year 1726 he opened a Coffee-house in Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, and published a collection of his songs in two volumes, neatly engraved. In Rowe's edition of Shakspeare, the music in the second act of *Machbeth* is said to be set by Leveridge; but whether that editor has not confounded him with Locke, may deserve some enquiry, though it is not impossible but that he may have furnished some music for this Play for Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, different from that used at Drury Lane. Of Mr. Leveridge Sir John Hawkins says, "that being a man of rather coarse manners, and able to drink a great deal, he was by some thought a good companion. The humour of his songs, and indeed of his conversation, consisted in exhortations to despise riches, and the means of attaining them; to drown care by drinking; to enjoy the present hour, and to fet reflection and death at defiance. With such a disposition as this, Leveridge could not fail to be a welcome vi-

sitor at all Clubs and Assemblies, where the avowed purpose of meeting was an oblivion of care; and being ever ready to contribute to the promotion of social mirth, he made himself many friends, from whose bounty he derived all the comforts that in an extreme old age he was capable of enjoying." Perhaps this cynical account may merit some abatement. He continued to sing at public meetings, and particularly of the Society for Encouragement of the British Herring Fishery, until near the time of his death, which happened at his lodgings in High Holborn, the 22d of March 1738. He was chiefly maintained by a subscription, originally established for Captain Coram, the projector of the Foundling Hospital, aided by assistance derived from an eminent Physician, who procured a number of persons to subscribe annually one guinea each, to support a veteran who had so long contributed to their entertainment. Sir John Hawkins untruly fixes his death about the year 1769. The painting from which our present portrait is taken, was painted by Mr. NATHANIEL HONE.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM AUSTIN, M. D.

MANY of our Readers wishing to know from what sources of information we drew up our account of this excellent man inserted in the Magazine for JUNE last *, we can assure them that we copied verbatim the account of the Doctor drawn up by his friend

Mr. EARLE, Surgeon to Saint Bartholomew's-Hospital, and which is prefixed to his "Practical Observations on the Operation for the Stone," in which Mr. Earle had occasion to combat some of Dr. Austin's opinions respecting Lithotomy.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

In a Letter from ANDREW ELLICOTT, Esq. to Dr. RUSH.

DEAR SIR,

AMONG the many natural curiosities which this country affords, the Cataract of Niagara is infinitely the greatest.—In order to have a tolerable idea of this stupendous fall of water, it will be necessary to conceive that part of the country in which Lake Erie is situated, to be elevated above that which contains Lake Ontario about three hundred feet. The slope which separates the upper and lower country is generally very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular. It is formed by horizontal strata of stone, great part of which is what we commonly call lime-

stone.—The slope may be traced from the north side of Lake Ontario, near the Bay of Toronto, round the west end of the Lake; thence its direction is generally east, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie—it crosses the strait of Niagara and the Cheneseco river, after which it becomes lost in the country towards the Seneca Lake. It is to this slope that our country is indebted, both for the Cataract of Niagara and the great Falls of the Cheneseco.

The Cataract of Niagara was formerly down at the northern side of the slope, near to that place which is now known by the name of the Landing;

but from the great length of time, added to the great quantity of water, and distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away for about seven miles up towards Lake Erie, and a chasm is formed, which no person can approach without horror.—Down this chasm the water rushes with a most astonishing velocity, after it makes the great pitch. In going up the road near this chasm, the fancy is constantly engaged in the contemplation of the most romantic and awful prospects imaginable, till, at length, the eye catches the Falls:—the imagination is instantly arrested, and you admire in silence! The river is about one hundred and thirty-five poles wide at the Falls, and the perpendicular pitch one hundred and fifty feet. The fall of this vast body of water produces a sound which is frequently heard at the distance of twenty miles, and a sensible tremulous motion in the earth for some poles round*. A heavy fog, or cloud, is constantly ascending from the Falls, in which rainbows may always be seen when the sun shines. This fog, or spray, in the winter season, falls upon the neighbouring trees, where it congeals, and produces a most beautiful crystalline appearance. This remark is equally applicable to the Falls of the Cheneseco.

The difficulty which would attend levelling the rapids in the chasm, pre-

vented my attempting it; but I conjecture the water must descend at least sixty-five feet. The perpendicular pitch at the Cataract is one hundred and fifty feet; to these add fifty-eight feet, which the water falls in the last half mile, immediately above the Falls, and we have two hundred and seventy-three feet, which the water falls in the distance of about seven miles and an half. If either ducks or geese inadvertently alight in the rapids above the great Cataract, they are incapable of getting on the wing again, and are instantly hurried on to destruction.

There is one appearance at this Cataract worthy of some attention, and which I do not remember to have seen noted by any writer.—Just below the great pitch, the water and foam may be seen puffed up in spherical figures, nearly as large as common cocks of hay; they burst at the top, and project a column of spray to a prodigious height; they then subside, and are succeeded by others, which burst in like manner. This appearance is most conspicuous about half way between the island that divides the Falls and the west side of the strait, where the largest column of water descends.

I am, &c.

ANDREW ELLICOTT.

Niagara, Dec. 10, 1789.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for September last, p. 179, note, you tell us that “the story of the Two Westminster Scholars and the tearing of the Curtain in that school, is well known; it is told in one of the Spectators.”

I take leave to observe, that the boy who tore the curtain was, according to some, JOHN GLYNN, the famous chief justice of the Usurper’s bench in the time of Oliver Cromwell, but according to others ROBERT NICHOLAS, a judicial character during the same period; and he who took upon him the delinquency, and suffered for it, was Colonel WILLIAM WAKE, convicted, and

under sentence of death, as one of the conspirators in Penruddock’s insurrection at Salisbury, for the purpose of restoring Charles II. in the year 1654, and that too before the chief justice Glynn, who hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar. By his answer he was soon convinced that he was his former generous friend, and without saying more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend-

* It is said by those who have visited this stupendous Cataract, that the descent into the chasm is exceedingly difficult, because of the great height of the banks. A person having descended, however, may go up to the bottom of the Falls, and take shelter behind the torrent, between the falling water and the precipice, where there is a space sufficient to contain a number of people in perfect safety; and where conversation may be carried on without much interruption from the noise, which is less here than at a considerable distance. This is not unworthy the attention of the philosophic reader.

ly schoolfellow from the fate then hanging over him : for my part, however, I do not think that the Colonel owed his reprieve to either Glynn or Nicholas, but to Captain Unton Croke : because it appears, that he did apply to Oliver, through his Secretary Thurloe, on behalf of one Wake, for that purpose. See Thurloe's State Papers, III. 368, 369.

Again, in page 202 of the same publication you say, that the Case of the

Countess of Sutherland was signed by Alexander Wedderburne (present Lord Chancellor) and Sir Adam Ferguson, but is the well-known work of Lord Hailes.* Perhaps (not being a professional man of the law) you are to learn, that no Case of Appeal (which that was) can be presented to the Lords unless the same be signed by two Counsel learned in the law ; but it is never perused by either of them, but by the solicitor or agent in the cause. R. J.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Oct. 13, 1793.

I Was not a little surprized to see in your last Magazine, p. 183, a Letter of the late Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SMITH, of Oxford, and which it were to be wished, for the Honour of some of the Persons concerned, had been consigned to that Oblivion which it so justly merits. As, however, this matter is revived, and likely, from the celebrity of your Publication, to be read by many, and continued to another Age, I depend upon your known Impartiality and Regard to Literature, to insert the following plain Narrative in Answer to this extraordinary Letter.

I am, Yours, &c.

C. K.

PHILIP NICHOLS, one of the Writers (and, as he styles himself, one of the Proprietors) of the *Biographia Britannica*, had got into his hands three Letters, which, for aught appears, are originals of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer. One of them is the Letter in question, which you have published in your September Magazine, and which certainly conveys a more than indirect charge against the Bishop of Gloucester, as if his Lordship had robbed the spital—that is, that Mr. Warburton had paid a fly, designing visit to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and had so far abused that Gentleman's hospitality, as, from the inspection of the Baronet's papers, to purloin from them whatever he thought proper for an edition of the Plays of Shakespeare which he was then preparing to publish. This Letter was communicated by Nichols to the Bishop, January 29, 1761, who sent it the same day with his observations on it, to one of the principal Proprietors of the *Biographia*. His Lordship's strictures appeared so full and satisfactory, that even Nichols agreed to omit Sir T. Hanmer's Letter ; and the propriety of this omission must be evident to every man of sense and candour who reads it.

Nichols, by having this Letter in his

possession, and being at liberty to publish it or not, as he should think proper, perhaps expected some great consideration from the Bishop, to whom he applied several times, but who would have nothing to do with him. Finding himself disappointed, he published, in 1753, the *Castrated Sheet*, accompanied with the most malicious insinuations of the Bishop's conduct.

It now remains to let the Reader judge for himself, by laying before him the Bishop's strictures on this charge, and which were designed to have been printed in the *Biographia*, if the sheet had not been cancelled.

" Sir Thomas Hanmer's Letter from Mildenhall to Oxford, Oct. 24, 1742, is one continued falsehood from beginning to end.

" It is false that my acquaintance began upon an application from me to him ; it began on an application of the present Bishop of London* to me in behalf of Sir T. Hanmer ; and, as I understood, at Sir T. Hanmer's desire. The thing speaks itself. It was publicly known that I had written notes on Shakespeare, because part of them were printed ; few people knew that Sir T. Hanmer had. I certainly did not know ; nor indeed, whether he was living or dead.

* Dr. Sherlock, who was of Salisbury at the date of Sir T. H.'s Letter.

"The falsehood is still viler (because it sculks only under an insinuation), that I made a journey to Mildenhall without invitation; whereas it was at his earnest and repeated request, as appears by his letters, which I have still by me.

"It is false, that the views of interest began to shew themselves in me to this *disinterested Gentleman*. My resentment at Sir T. H.'s behaviour began on the following occasion:—A Bookseller in London, of the best reputation, had wrote me word, that Sir Thomas Hanmer had been with him, to propose his printing an edition of Shakespeare on the following conditions: Of its being pompously printed with Cuts (as it was afterwards at Oxford), at the expence of the said Bookseller, who, besides, should pay one hundred guineas, or some such sum, to a friend of his (Sir T. H.'s), who had transcribed the Glossary for him. But the Bookseller, understanding that he made use of many of my Notes, and that I knew nothing of the project, thought fit to send me this account. On which I wrote to Sir T. Hanmer, upbraiding him with his behaviour, and demanding out of his hands all the Letters I had written to him on the subject; which he unwillingly complied with, after cavilling about the right of property in those letters, for which he had (he said) paid the postage.

"When the Bookseller would not deal with him on these terms, he applied to the University of Oxford, and was at the expence of his purse in procuring Cuts for his Edition, and at the expence of his reputation in employing a Number of my Emendations on the Text, without my knowledge or consent: and this behaviour was what occasioned Mr. Pope's perpetuating the memory of the Oxford Edition of Shakespeare in the *Dunciad*.

"This is a true and exact account of the whole affair, which I never thought worth while afterwards to complain of but to the Bishop of London, at whose desire I lent Sir Thomas Hanmer my assistance: nor should I ever have received it, but for the publication of this scandalous letter *sent from Oxford to this Philip Nichols*, to be inserted in the *Biographia Britannica*.

"W. G.

"Jan. 29th, 1761."

To this very manly and satisfactory vindication, upon an attack equally malicious and unsupported, it may be necessary just to add, that Sir Thomas Hanmer's letter is addressed to a person who was not very likely to have given the Bishop an opportunity to have vindicated himself, and who very possibly did not believe one single word of the allegations it contained.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS Mr. MALONE's excellent edition of SHAKESPEARE is at present the subject of general attention, I trust that any surmise which may tend in the least to the farther elucidation (if that be possible) of a passage which has exercised the critical abilities of much superior Commentators, will be received with the candour due to one, who at least (to use a common phrase) *means well*. The passage is this:

—of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl
away
Richer than all his tribe.

OTHELLO, Act. V. Sc. 2.

For the various commentaries on this celebrated passage I refer your readers to the original work. It is with great deference that I hazard any new conjectures after the different opinions of

so many eminent critics; but it seems a little strange, that while they have attempted to illustrate the expression of the "base Judean" by quotations from historical and dramatic works—the remarkable and striking *scriptural* account of Judas "betraying his master with a kiss," should have escaped them. It has been observed, that Shakespeare very frequently makes use of *scriptural allusions*, and to me it appears evident that he here alludes to the above trait in the character of that "base Judean," who, when he delivered up his Saviour, under the mask of affection and respect, to the fury of his abandoned colleagues, may, indeed, be said to have thrown

— "a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe!"

Leeds, Sept. 1793.

W. G.

DE VIRO CLARO ATQUE ERUDITO
GEORGIO STUART,
Literarum Humaniorum in Academiâ Edinenſi Profeſſore,
NUPER DEFUNCTO.

Doleant Muſæ !

Corruit ingens columna Linguae Latinæ ;
Occidit vir magnus in Republicâ Literarum :
Quo quis flebilior ? ſeu conſilium, reſpicias,
Sive ſcientiam, ſive amicitiam,
Sive lepores atque facetias,
Sive animum liberum atque rectum.
Multa multis benefecit, præcipue juventuti
Studioſæ atque egenæ ; quorum multos
Gratuiò erudit, atque ad vitæ conditionem

Haud poenitendam evexit.

Mores hominum acriter inſpexit,

Et feliciter depinxit.

Quid magis elegans, quid veritati magis conſentaneum,
Quam quas exprimere ſolebat imagines virorum clarorum ?

Quis auctores Latinos animoſius digniùſve explicavit ?

Quis antiquitates Romanas clariùſ illuſtravit ?

Quis elegantias feliciùſ elicit,

Aut difficultates diſcuſſit ?

—Opus contexit magni laboris atque pretii,

Supplementum ſcilicet ſive additamentum

Theſauri viri clariffimi Roberti Ainfworth,

Quod, ſummo cum literarum detrimento,

Cautione et timiditate bibliopolarum, cheu ! eſt interiturum.

Modicas indiſtriâ atque curâ comparavit opes ;

Quibus in villâ ſuâ prope Muſſelburgum,

Viginti ſere annos, nec turpenti nec injucundam tranſegit

Seneſcutem.

Novem ſuperfuit liberis ; in eis filio,

Inſigni literarum ornameto :

Nec non amantiſſimæ uxori,

Quicum annos 51 conjunctiſſime vixerat.

Deceſſit tandem decimo quarto kalendas Julias, 1793 ;

Anno ætatis ſuæ octogefimo,

Omnes animi dotes integerrimè retinens,

Magnumque ſui deſiderium apud omnes ſuos

Relinquens.

TOMB of CARDINAL RICHLIEU, at the SORBONNE of PARIS.

[WITH A PLATE.]

THE ſame taſte, the ſame magnificence that attended this great miniſter throughout life, appears to have followed him at his death. His tomb is the *chef d'œuvre* of modern ſculpture — Le Brun himſelf gave the deſign of it, Girardon executed it in marble. The Cardinal is repreſented in a dying poſture, ſupported in the arms of Religion. The weeping figure at one end of the tomb, copied exactly from one of Pouſſin's figures in his celebrated picture of the Extreme Unction, repreſents Science lamenting the death of her great protector in France. De Thou's ſiſter, whoſe brother's head the Cardinal had unjuſtly cauſed to be taken off, on ſeeing the tomb, cried out, as Lazarus's ſiſter did to our Saviour, " Domine, ſi fuiſſes hic, frater meus non

eſſet mortuus." — " Lord, haſt thou been here, my brother had not died." It is much to be feared, that the modern ſavages (I will not call them by the dignified name of Goths) of Europe will not refrain their murderous and deſtroying hands from this wonderful triumph of art, as it is the monument of a Prime Miniſter to one of their Sovereigns. However, the preſent diſtracted and barbarous ſtate of their country ſeems abſolutely to require a man the very counterpart of the Cardinal for talents, firmneſs, and cruelty, to eſtabliſh a regular government in it, and to repreſs and puniſh the rapine, the violence, and the ſanguinary diſpoſition that appears to actuate its preſent inhabitants.

FURTHER

FURTHER ACCOUNT of JOHN BROWN, PAINTER *.

HE was the son of Samuel Brown, goldsmith and watch-maker in Edinburgh, by a worthy mother, whom in his appearance he greatly resembled, and was born at Edinburgh in the year 1752.

On his education his worthy parents spared no expence within the compass of their abilities.

It is the glory and happiness of the Scotch to consider every consideration of a domestic nature as inferior and subordinate to a pious, virtuous, and intelligent education to their children. Long may it continue! and may it continue in union with integrity and simplicity of manners, which are the fruitful parents of genius and patriotism!

In the course of his education at Edinburgh, he contracted an intimate acquaintance with David Erskine, a son of Thomas Erskine of Cambo, who was the uncle of that celebrated prelate and lawyer at Rome, Charles Erskine of the Rota, well known by his learning and taste, and by his attachment to the fine arts of music and painting.

In the year 1771 these amiable young men made their progress to Italy, where they gave unremitting application to their studies, and were patronized by the illustrious Erskine.

John Brown attached himself to the Academy, and the indefatigable study of the beautiful works of the ancients.

During the course of ten years residence in Italy, the pencil and crayon were ever in his hand, and the sublime thoughts of Raphael and Michael Angelo ever in his imagination.

By continual practice he obtained a correctness and elegance of contour never equalled by any British artist; but he unfortunately neglected the mechanism of the pallet till his taste was so refined that Titian, and Murillo, and the delicate Corregio made his heart sink within him when he touched the canvas.

When he attempted to lay in his colours the admirable correctness of his contour was lost, and he had not self-sufficiency to persevere till it should be recovered in that tender evanescent outline which is so difficult to be attained even by the most eminent painters.

He wished every thing important to be made out, and when it was made out, he found his work hard and disagreeable,

like the first pictures painted by Raphael, and by all who preceded that wonderful artist.

I have ever regretted that John Brown did not persevere. I am persuaded he would have been a second Raphael.

By accidents like these does the lady on the slippery ball regulate the course of human affairs; but like all ladies she ought to be diligently and artfully courted.

John Brown's evenings in Italy were passed with dilettanti or at the opera. He became passionately fond of the sister art, and he penetrated deep into music as a science.

I never knew any one who knew and understood it better, and with so little of the jargon and mystery of a professor.

If he had gone to Berlin the great Frederick II. would have doated on him, and his genius would have been permitted to expand. But he came to the cross of Edinburgh, from piety to his parents, and he languished in obscurity long after his return from Italy.

At last he was taken notice of by lord Monboddo, Dr. Gregory, and some others, whose names I chuse to suppress for reasons that are unnecessary to be mentioned. He was employed to draw fifty portraits of the chief members of the infant Society of Antiquaries, and he drew about twenty of them, besides some persons of eminence either in learning, fashion, or beauty. He drew a beautiful characteristic head of the late worthy Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield; of Runciman the historical painter; of Smellie the famous naturalist, the Reaumur of Scotland; of Drs. Cullen and Black, our Sydenham and Bergman; of Blair, our Massillon; and of Madame Lally, our Sappho, playing on a harp and enchanting all who came within the reach of her influence.

He brought a pocket-book with him from Italy in which there were some fine ideas; and he had some portraits of eminent persons that were very interesting.

I believe from the certainty of his contour he was the only person who was able to give a portrait of the famous Piranese, and he had his portrait in the collection that was sold at London after his decease.

* See Magazine for January 1790, p. 91.

Piranesi could never sit in one posture for a moment, so his painter was forced to shoot him flying like a bat or a snipe; and John Brown brought him down at the first shot.

All painters draw in reality from memory, for one cannot both draw and look at an object in the same moment. The only difference is, that the painter, when the object is before him, can recur very often, and strengthen the impression made upon the retina and upon the brain. In the spring of the year 1786, John Brown, invited by persons of eminence acquainted with his merit, went to London, and there he was employed by Mr. Townley to draw from some of his fine Greek statues, particularly a fine bust of Homer, which he exquisitely finished in his manner of dotting with the black lead pencil. This and a head of Pope were afterwards engraved by Bartolozzi, for the benefit of his widow and child.

Had he lived we should have had fine drawings of all the capital statues and gems in England, not like those of the Marlborough collection, but in the true taste of the antique.

After some stay in London, his health, which had never been robust, yielded to extraordinary application, and he was forced to try a sea voyage, and return on a visit to Edinburgh, to settle his fa-

ther's affairs, who was then dead, having been some time before in a state of imbecility. On the passage from London to Leith, he was somehow neglected as he lay sick in his hammock, and he was on the point of death when he arrived at Leith. With much difficulty he was brought up to town, and laid in the bed of his friend Runciman, who had died not long before in the same place. When I saw him for the last time, he was speechless, and I could by no means make him recognise me.

I set him up in his bed; I took him by the hand; I embraced him. Alas! I could not make my Leonardo da Vinci know that I was come to offer my last consolation to the dying son of Apollo!

"Vixit et quem dederat cursum fortuna
pereggit,

"His saltem accumulæ donis et fungar
inani munere.

He died on the 5th of September 1787.

* * * * His portrait with Runciman disputing about a passage in Shakespeare's *Tempest* is in the gallery at Dryburgh abbey.

It was their joint work the year before Runciman died, 1784.

ACCOUNT OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, JUN. ESQ.

(*Concluded from Page 166.*)

FROM Abbé Winkelman's Letters, dated in the same year 1765, we learn an anecdote of Mr. Montague, not calculated to erase any unfavourable opinion which our readers may have entertained of him. "At Alexandria," says the Abbé, "he (Montague) got acquainted with the Danish Consul, who had a very handsome wife. Under various pretences he engaged the husband to go to Holland; some time after he shewed a feigned letter, mentioning the Consul's death, and married his wife, whom he now carries with him into Syria. Not long after the Danish Resident at Constantinople received from the Texel advice of the supposed dead Consul, so that Montague is not safe in any of the Grand Signior's dominions."

On the 13th March 1766, his relation

of the journey from Cairo, in Egypt, to the Written Mountains in the Deserts of Sinai, in a letter dated from Pisa, Dec. 2, 1765 (which our readers will find at the end of this account), was read before the Royal Society. He was then about to return to the East, and in 1768 it was said in the public papers that he had been received with uncommon respect at Constantinople, after passing through Salonica, and viewing the islands in the Archipelago. In the beginning of the year 1773* he was at Rosetto, in Egypt, which he quitted in June, and was at the Lazaretto off Leghorn in the same month. From thence he went to Venice, where he stayed above two years, during which time he was visited by Dr. Moore, whose account is too curious to be here omitted. It is as follows †:

* See our Magazines for May and June 1792.

† View of Society and Manners in Italy, Vol. i. p. 33.

"Hearing that Mr. Montague resided at Venice, the Duke of Hamilton has had the curiosity to wait on that extraordinary man. He met his Grace at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room, in quite a different style. There were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sofa, whilst he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him, and a venerable old man, with a long beard, served us with coffee.

"After this collation some aromatic gums were brought and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montague held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. This manner of perfuming the beard seems more cleanly, and rather an improvement upon that used by the Jews in ancient times, as described in the Psalms translated by Sternhold and Hopkins:

"'Tis like the precious ointment that
 "Was pour'd on Aaron's head,
 "Which from the beard down to the
 "skirts
 "Of his rich garments spread."

"Or, as the Scotch translation has it,

"Like precious ointment on the head
 "That down the beard did flow,
 "Even Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
 "Did of his garment go."

"Which of these versions is preferable, I leave to the critics in Hebrew and English poetry to determine. I hope, for the sake of David's reputation as a poet, that neither have retained all the spirit of the original. We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable-looking person, who is to the last degree acute, communicative, and entertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish characters and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or those of any other nation,

"He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity, the most hospitable, generous, and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning as soon as possible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise, and thinks that had it not been otherwise ordered, for wise purposes, of which it does not become us to judge, the Children of Israel would certainly have chosen to remain where they were, and have endeavoured to drive the Egyptians to the land of Canaan.

"Though Mr. Montague hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the Duke's visit; and as we were not provided with cushions, he sat while he staid upon a sofa, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture, by long habit, is now become the most agreeable to him, and he insists on its being by far the most natural and convenient; but, indeed, he seems to cherish the same opinion with regard to all the customs which prevail among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one which I suspected would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at least one half of the human race, that of the men being allowed to engross as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the most insipid of all lives, within their harems. "No doubt," replied he, "the women are all enemies to polygamy and concubinage; and there is reason to imagine that this aversion of theirs, joined to the great influence they have in all Christian countries, has prevented Mahometanism from making any progress in Europe. The Turkish men, on the other hand," continued he, "have an aversion to Christianity, equal to that which the Christian women have to the religion of Mahomet. Auricular confession is perfectly horrible to their imagination;—no Turk of any delicacy would ever allow his wife, particularly if he had but one, to hold private conference with a man, on any pretext whatever."

"I took notice that this aversion to auricular confession could not be a reason for the Turk's dislike to the Protestant religion. "That is true," said he; "but you have other tenets in common with the Catholics, which renders your religion as odious as theirs. You forbid polygamy and concubinage, which in the eyes of the Turks, who obey the dictates of the religion they embrace, is considered as

an intolerable hardship. Besides, the idea which your religion gives of heaven is by no means to their taste :—If they believed your account, they would think it the most tiresome and comfortable place in the universe, and not one Turk among a thousand would go to the Christian heaven if he had it in his choice. Lastly, the Christian religion considers women as creatures upon a level with men, and equally intitled to every enjoyment both here and hereafter. When the Turks are told this," added he, "they are not surpris'd at being informed, also, that women, in general, are better Christians than men; but they are perfectly astonished that an opinion, which they think so contrary to common sense, should subsist among the rational, that is to say, the male part of Christians. It is impossible," added Mr. Montague, "to drive it out of the head of a Mussulman, that women are creatures of a subordinate species, created merely to comfort and amuse men during their journey through this vain world, but by no means worthy of accompanying believers to paradise, where females of a nature far superior to women wait with impatience to receive all pious Mussulmen into their arms."

"It is needless to relate to you any more of our conversation. A lady to whom I was giving an account of it the day on which it happened, could with difficulty allow me to proceed thus far in my narrative, but interrupting me with impatience, she said, she was surpris'd I could repeat all the nonsensical, impious maxims of those odious Mahometans; and she thought Mr. Montague should be sent back to Egypt, with his long beard, and not be allowed to propagate opinions, the bare mention of which, however reasonable they might appear to Turks, ought not to be tolerated in any Christian land."

From an extract of a letter to him, dated Sept. 25, 1775, printed in our Magazine July 1792, we find he was then meditating a voyage to Mecca and Medina; but in the execution of this scheme he was prevented by his death, which happened some time early in the year 1776.

It has been said by the newspaper writer already quoted, that in his

passage from Marseilles to England he was choaked with the bone of a fig-bird, but this may be doubted, as it seems certain that he had no intention of returning home; and from Mrs. Piozzi's "Travels" it may be conjectured that he died in Italy. That Lady*, speaking of Mr. Montague's mother, says,

"Surely she had then present to her warm imagination a favourite Cassino in the Piazza St. Marco. That her learned and highly-accomplished son imbibed her taste and talents for sensual delights, has been long known in England; it is not so, perhaps, that there is a showy monument erected to his memory at Padua, setting forth his variety and compass of knowledge in a long Latin inscription†. The good old monk who shewed it me seem'd generously and reasonably shocked, that such a man should at last expire with somewhat more firm persuasions of the truth of the Mahometan religion than any other; but that he doubted greatly of all, and had not for many years profess'd himself a Christian of any sect or denomination whatever.

So have I seen some youth set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist;
And wand'ring long the world about,
Some new religion to find out,
Turn Infidel or Atheist."

By his will made at Venice, 28th Nov. 1775, and proved in London 6th Aug. 1776, he appointed Lord Sandwich and Robert Palmer, Esq. his Executors, directing them out of his estates in Leicestershire and Yorkshire to raise money sufficient to purchase an annuity of 400l. for the support of his reputed son Fortunatus, otherwise Massoud, a black, as he describes him, then living with him, of the age of 13 years, and whose education he directs shall be in some country place in England, where he should be taught arithmetic, and to write English. He forbids his being taught Latin or Greek, or his residing in London, or either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. He also provides for his son, Edward Wortley Montague, then in the East Indies, and gives a legacy to his daughter Mary, then a nun in the Convent of the Ursulines at Rome. His books and

* Observations in a Journey through Italy, Vol. I. p. 161.

† We should be glad any of our correspondents would furnish us with this inscription.

manuscripts (except those in Turkish and Arabick, which he bequeathed to Fortunatus) he disposed of to his son Edward *, and from the legacies which he bequeathed appears to have been in affluent, or at least in good circumstances.

The following anecdotes are translated from "Memorial d'un Mondain. Par Count Maximilian de Lamberg."

In a letter which Mr. Montague wrote to Mr. Laine, of Florence, is this passage :

"I have been making some trials, that have not a little contributed to the improvement of my organic system. I have conversed with the nobles in Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country-seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have not disdained the humble professions of postilion and ploughman—I assumed at Paris the ridiculous character of a *petit-maitre*—I was an abbé at Rome—I put on, at Hamburgh, the Lutheran ruff, and, with a triple chin and a formal countenance, I dealt about me the word of God, so as to excite the envy of the clergy—I acted successively all the parts that Fielding has described in his Julian—My fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time is in the hands of a Queen, and at another is in the fob of a greasy Israelite."

"From the Protestant religion Mr. Montague," says Count Lamberg, "went over to the faith of Rome, and from thence deserted to the most rigorous observation and profession of Mahometanism. He used always to seal his letters with three Arabian signets, which had sentences of the Koran engraven on them." Count Lamberg, who

saw Mr. Montague at Venice, describes his manner of living there in the following terms :

"He rises before the sun, says his prayers, and performs his ablutions and lazzis according to the Mahometan ritual. An hour after he awakes his pupil, a sthy emigrant of the parched Abyssinia, whom he brought with him from Rosetto (in Egypt) †. He instructs this dirty negro with all the care and precision of a philosopher, both by precept and example: he lays before him the strongest proofs (as they appear to him) of the religion he teaches him, and he catechizes him in the Arabian language. The Moor listens to him with the most striking marks of a profound and respectful attention all the time that is employed in these lessons. That he may not omit any particular in the most rigorous observance of the Mahometan rites, Mr. Montague dines at a low table, sitting cross-legged on a sofa, while the Moor, on a cushion still lower, sits gaping with avidity for his master's leavings. It is this Negro who supports the white mantle that makes a part of the Turkish garb of his master, who is always preceded, even at noon-day, by two gondoliers with lighted torches in their hands.—The ordinary place of his residence is at Rosetto, where his wife lives, who is the daughter of an inn-keeper at Leghorn, and whom he has forced to embrace the Mahometan religion. His income amounts to about 6000 piastres, which are remitted to him from London by his sister, Lady Bute, and 4000 from the Sublime Porte ‡. During the most intense cold he performs his religious ablutions in cold water, rubbing, at the

* This young gentleman did not long survive his father. By his will, dated 25th Nov. 1777, made at the Cape of Good Hope, on his way to England, and proved 2d Dec. 1778, amongst other legacies, he gave to John English Dolben, Esq. son of Sir William Dolben, Bart. of Findon, Northamptonshire, all his books and manuscripts left him by his father; "But, I request," he adds, "he will publish such of the latter as he may chuse, and give the profits that may arise to and for the sole use and benefit of Mrs. Ann Burges, formerly of Great Smith-street, Westminster, as a small acknowledgment for the more than motherly tenderness with which she treated me during the ten years I was in her house, whilst at Westminster School." We need not particularly point out this amiable trait of character. It is to be lamented that the bequest never took effect, no such publication having appeared.

† The person here spoken of in these disrespectful terms, was certainly no other than Mr. Montague's son Fortunatus.

‡ This is surely a mistake. What reason could the Sublime Porte have to give such an allowance? The idle story sometimes told, surmising that Mr. Montague was the son of the Grand Signior, is sufficiently refuted by the proofs already given of his being born in England before his mother saw Constantinople.

same time, his body with sand from the thighs to the feet: his Negro also pours fresh water on his head, and combs his beard, and he also pours cold water on the head of his Negro. To finish this religious ceremony, he resumes his pipe, turns towards the east, mutters some prayers, walks afterwards for half an hour, and drinks his coffee."—*O miseræ hominum mentes!*"

Count Lamberg in the same work mentions a faculty belonging to Mr. Montague, which appears so extraordinary that we shall give it in his own words: "Mr. Montague has arrived at the art of judging infallibly of a person's country by his writing, though he writes in a language he knows nothing of. He told Mr. Scaccerni, at Ferrara, who received some letters from Spain in his company, that that which he held in his hand, still unsealed, came from an Eunuch. In fact, Farinelli had sent him a violin, which had been played upon before the King. I cannot tell what this secret is, which is not one of the exact sciences.

"If Don Pernetti, in his "Lessons upon Physiognomies," had consulted me when he composed his eighth, I could have supplied some omissions, which would have thrown, perhaps, some light upon his subject, which he has but slightly skimmed over. This science, with which Mr. Montague is so well acquainted, is the Idengraphic of the Ancients, which Apollonius Tyanæus knew, no doubt, when he said to Iarchas, who addressed him in Greek, that in the writing which he presented him, sealed up, the delta was wanting (Apoll. Tyan. t. 3. chap. 16.).—Prosper Aldorisi published at Rome, in 1686, an accurate treatise upon this wonderful art, rather as a person convinced of its truth, than discussing it as a philosopher. This Idengraphic, ac-

cording to him, is the art of guessing by the hand-writing of a person the situation and disposition he was in at the time of writing. Gaspar Schott speaks of it with certainty; "Idengraphie," says he, "is rejected only by the ignorant."

"When we reflect that there are some times when we write in a hurry, others when inconsistently, heavily, legibly, &c. it must be allowed that this knack, if looked upon as trifling, is yet of some advantage, according to the use it is made of: it is a sword by the side of a prudent man, which is employed when occasion requires.

"In 1745 Mr. Montague received a letter from London when he was at table. Looking only at the cover, without breaking the seal, "Alas!" cries he, "my friend is sick."—"Do you guess so?" says one of the company. "I see it by the writing," says Mr. Montague, "and I beg you would read out my correspondent's own words, and the declaration of his illness." This friend was in love with a very pretty woman in London; and, having met with crosses of every kind, suffered the most extravagant and deepest affliction: his life depended upon the success of his amour. "And what a long circumlocution is here," says Mr. Montague; "if he had only said he was in love, his malady would have appeared at once."

We shall only add, that in that mass of crudities, blunders, and misrepresentations published by Mr. Grosley, there is an account of Mr. Montague (see Nugent's Translation, Vol. I. p. 187.) in which there are some facts we know to be untrue, others not to be relied upon, and what is certain already to be found in the preceding account. We think it sufficient merely to refer our readers to it.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF A SPANISH SOLDIER.

[Continued from P. 168.]

AT the approach of night I got rid of my servants by sending them in pursuit of the strayed falcon; I rode towards my house, and when it was quite dark I entered into my garden through a private door, of which I had the key. I then went directly to the apartment of Cornelio, and opening the door found him not there, took up a lighted candle which stood upon the table, and passed into another room which communicated

with his apartment, looking also every way to see if I could discover him. When I came to the extremity of this room, which led by a flight of steps into a hall, which was over my bed-chamber, I remarked a ladder placed against the wall, and just above it an opening large enough to admit a man, and which was partly covered by a picture of Thian representing the adulterous commerce of Mars and Venus. Till that moment

I had not given implicit belief to my extreme misery. Having removed the ladder, I ascended the stair-case leading to my chamber, crying out with a loud voice, "Open the door instantly." My wife did not keep me a moment in suspense, and at the same instant that she opened the door I heard the traitor Cornelio making his escape, and falling from the opening into the hall below. I immediately reshut the door, ran down stairs, and found Cornelio with his two legs broken, and dragging himself along like a bull that is hamstrung, "Ah traitor!" I exclaimed, "too forgetful of the benefits which I have heaped upon you—receive the reward of your ingratitude." I then plunged my dagger into his heart, and hung his body on the ladder which he had employed to betray me. From hence, transported with fury, I rushed into my wife's apartment, with a resolution to put her also to death; but at the first sight of her the poniard fell from my hands; and though I often attempted to stab her, the same involuntary emotion stopped my hands: I have never had power sufficient to wound that fascinating body, the charms of which suspend and overpower my just resentment. At length, finding the impossibility of completing my purpose, I determined to confine her in a kind of sepulchre with the body of her minion. I accordingly tied her hands and feet; and having cut out the heart of her lover in her presence, I placed it between them, that she may always have in sight that heart which she so much loved. I dragged also to the same spot the body of the servant whom I stabbed, crying out, "Behold the witnesses of your crimes!" Since that I have frequently returned with a resolution of killing her; but always ineffectually; as I have never had courage sufficient to execute my intended purpose. I am now therefore determined to destroy her gradually with hunger and thirst; allowing her every day only half a pound of bread, and a little water. It is now fifteen days since she has not seen the light of the sun, nor heard a single word from me; nor has she uttered one herself, when I carry her the miserable pittance which just keeps soul and body together. It is only fifteen days, sir, but fifteen days which appear to me fifteen thousand years, and I suffer worse than death fifteen thousand times a day. Such, sir, is my deplorable state, which

induces me to wish that I was in so low a situation as not to be accountable for my actions to the public; and that it could permit me to take shelter in some desert far from human society. Since I have thus opened to you my heart, and acquainted you with a secret, which I have not divulged to any other person, I shall most willingly convey to your eyes the fatal object which has so cruelly wounded mine, and with whom I can no longer hope to live." He had scarcely uttered these words, before he took up the candle and invited me to follow him. He led me across the garden, and opened the door of the cave which was the depository of all his misfortunes. I was instantly petrified at the sight of the most dreadful and affecting spectacle which human eyes ever beheld. Here a corpse pierced through and through with several strokes of a poniard lay extended on the ground; there another corpse hacked in pieces; the left side was entirely open, and the heart taken out was placed upon a board, under the eyes of the most lovely countenance ever formed by nature. And as if this sight of itself was not sufficiently affecting, the door was no sooner opened than the dogs of the house, who had followed us, ran immediately to their unfortunate mistress, and most affectionately licked her hands and face. This affecting sight had such an effect upon me, that I burst into tears, and even the husband himself seemed moved beyond expression. I seized this moment in which I saw him so affected, and though scarcely able to speak for my sobs and groans, "Hitherto sir," I said, "I have listened to you in silence and without attempting to interrupt you; because I did not consider you in a situation to attend to me, and because I waited till you gave me permission to address you." "Well, sir," replied he, "you are at liberty to speak, and I am ready to listen with attention to any thing you may think proper to say." Fortified as well by these words, as by the effect which his reviving tenderness had impressed upon his heart, I shook off all fear and thus addressed him: "You acknowledge, sir, that the first sight of your wife made an impression upon you which nothing has ever effaced, and which nothing will ever be able to efface. I will not consider the foundation of this unhappy adventure; whether your suspicions are true or not, this much is certain, and you yourself have allowed it, that except myself,

myself, and these two wretches who here lie extended, and who are incapable of divulging the circumstances, no other person has ever been made privy to this dreadful affair. The death of those two men ensures the concealment of this unfortunate event. Behold your wife, still living; and perhaps she is innocent! All the ineffectual attempts you have made to put her to death, without the power of executing your fatal purpose, appear to me a kind of prejudice in her favour. I will not advance any other reasons, but pay attention to the tender compassion of those dumb animals, whom you see hovering round her, employed in flattering and caressing her." I ceased speaking, and while the husband appeared absorbed in doubt and agitation, his wife broke silence, and uttering with extreme difficulty a low and tremulous voice as if it came from the bottom of a sepulchre, "No, sir," she said, addressing herself to me, "do not ineffectually employ your time; I will not live, nor for all the blessings which this world can afford, would I again be induced to quit this horrible cavern and come forth into day. But since you will never forget so extraordinary an event as this, and may probably relate it to others, I am happy in this opportunity of acquainting you with the truth, that you may neither on one side accuse my husband of cruelty, nor on the other charge me with an infamous crime which I never committed. These two men, whom you see, deserved their punishment; the one, for having falsely related facts which he neither saw nor could see; the other, not for the crime which he committed, but for that which he would have committed, by attempting to deceive my husband his benefactor, who had loaded him with benefits. I do not pretend to deny, that the wretch did sometimes converse with me during my husband's absence; but as he never uttered any expressions or behaved in a manner capable of offending the strictest virtue, I never had reason to be in the least alarmed. It is true, that in that disastrous night which completed our common misery, I saw him for the first time come from behind a picture, without knowing by what means he could have entered my apartment. Seized with surprise and terror, I had only time to ask him what brought him at so late an hour into my room, and was going to cry out for assistance, when I heard my husband's voice. Since, sir,

he has himself conducted you here, he may explain to you the remaining circumstances. I will leave him to judge, whether my conduct during the six years that I had the honour to be his wife authorized his suspicions; and, supposing that I had been sufficiently criminal to be willing to dishonour myself and betray my husband (to whom I would not be faithless for all the kingdoms and honours of this world), I submit to him, whether he thinks me so entirely destitute of common sense and judgement, as to employ such gross artifices as were put in practice for the commission of the crime with which he charges me; and whether, if he considers the intelligence and intimacy which I was supposed to have held with that wretched fellow, such artifices could be necessary! It is needless to enter into any farther justification of my conduct: such, sir, are all the circumstances which I alledge against the violent presumptions which overcame my husband, and which in some measure justify his usage of me. And now, sir, I venture to conjure you by those sentiments of compassion with which my present situation inspires you, and by the sincerity with which I have now spoken to you, that you would intercede with my husband and my lord, and prevail upon him to put an immediate end to my life; and to shorten that death which he now makes me suffer by his presence, that I may present my self unblameable to God." The tears which her husband shed during this discourse, and which increased in proportion as she continued speaking, convinced me that he was dreadfully affected. Turning then to him I said, "Well, sir, and what is your present opinion? what will you say now?"—For a short time his tears and sobs prevented him from speaking—then seizing my hand and pressing it to his bosom, he said, "The same liberty which I before gave you to say whatever you thought proper, I now give you to do whatever you think best for me."—He had scarcely finished these words before I took out my poniard and cut the cords which bound her hands and feet: In attempting to rise, she was so weak, that she fell into my arms, and from thence sunk again upon the ground, where she continued as if to recover her strength, exhausted by the length of her suffering. Her husband was so affected at the deplorable state to which he had reduced her, and

now as much convinced of her innocence as he was before convinced of her guilt, threw himself on his knees, kissed her hands and feet, and bathed them with his tears, which flowed abundantly, and conjured her to pardon his injustice and cruelty. This return of tenderness and love, which was more than she was able to support in her present weak state, had so great an effect on her that she fainted away, and continued so long in a state of insensibility, that I thought she was dead. The husband, fixing his lips on hers, remained in an agony of grief and despair; at length suddenly starting up, he quitted his wife, who became more than ever the beloved object of his affections, ran across the garden, and returned with some refreshments. Having given her a cordial, the effect was instantaneous—the blood re-animated her

cheeks, and she opened her eyes, and turning them tenderly on her husband,—"Alas! sir, why do you recall me to this wretched existence?"—"It is to save my own, which depends on your's," returned the husband; and immediately took her up in his arms. I assisted in transporting her from that dreadful cell into her own apartment; and we had the satisfaction of gradually recovering her from that danger of immediate dissolution which before threatened her. The next morning I took leave, with an intention of continuing my journey; but both the husband and wife pressed me so much to stay that I could not refuse. I remained there three weeks, during which time the wife recovered her health, the husband his happiness, the servants their tongues, and the gardens their beauty.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF DAVID MALLET, Esq.

(Continued from Page 176.)

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH your last letter was not miscarried, yet I fear it is come too late. Without date, and from no place, it was given me this morning by the Duke, who had kept it three weeks in the country, where he was a hunting. But this is not all; in the hurry of our journey to town, I either lost or mislaid your manuscript, and so am obliged to translate the verses I formerly omitted, from such hints as your letter afforded me. Please then, after this line,

With him the life of all their joys is fled,
to insert the following verses:

Of't have they heard with wonder and
applause [laws,
His skilful voice explain the dubious
And clear the darken'd truth:—nor
this alone, [his own:
The wit of Greece and Rome was all
Of winning manners; and of tastefin'd,
Wit, Friendship, Mirth, compos'd his
gentle mind.

You may either print this imitation
or not, as you shall judge best; but I

insist on not having my name before it: you may prefix by way of title, "An Imitation of the foregoing Poem, by a Friend."

I give up my censures, as trifling, or unjust, and therefore say no more upon that head.

I have not yet had any answer to my last letter, in which was a corrected copy of my Panegyric, printed here; let me know whether it came to your hand.

The Tragedy which I am writing is built on a story in the Ninth Book of Herodotus, concerning Xerxes, and his brother Masistes.

I had a message from Mr. Hill to meet him: the occasion of writing to him was the ancient Tragedy, which, from a passage in Aristotle's Politics, I guess to have been set to music, and repeated like the recitative part of our opera.

Since I came to town I was made acquainted with Dr. Young; and Barnham Goode*, to whom Dr. Sewel dedicated his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

Mira†, you think, takes up my thoughts: were it not vain and light, I

* This Gentleman was one of those satirized in the Dunciad, b. 3. l. 153.

"Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,

"A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim."

See an account of him in Nichols's Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 231 * 580. EDITOR.

† This Lady, whose real name we suspect is now lost, was a Poetess and Author of one of the complimentary copies of verses originally prefixed to Thomson's "Winter." Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Thomson, mentions her as a lady "once too well known." We should be glad of some farther information concerning her. EDITOR.

would send you some of her letters, and leave you to judge whether she does not deserve them all.

The poem on her, that you lik'd, was got out of her hands, and published in a New Miscellany, without my knowledge; at which I am heartily vexed, as also another of a different kind, which makes a perfect contrast to it. They are the best poems in the

book, and printed there, as the Gentleman who published them told me since, at her house: Pour fair bonne Bouche au Lecteur.

I beg to hear from you soon, and am, Sir,
Your most obliged,
Humble Servant,
DAVID MALLOCH.

LONDON, Feb. }
21, 1725. }

T A B L E T A L K;

O R,

CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, &c. OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND CELEBRATED
BRITISH CHARACTERS, DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

(MOST OF THEM NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

(Continued from Page 174.)

ON the death of Goldsmith, which happened on the 4th of April 1774, his friends suggested to have him buried in Westminster Abbey, and his pall was to have been supported by the present Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but tho' poets are often caressed during their life-time, it is not uncommon for them to be neglected at their deaths. Like the invited guests in scripture, most of these gentlemen sent excuses, and a few coffee-house acquaintances of the Doctor's, rather suddenly collected together, attended his remains to the Temple burial-ground, where they were deposited on Saturday evening the 9th of the same month.

The remains of poor Foote, three years afterwards, experienced the like neglect. Many noble mourners were announced, and a pompous funeral was intended, but on the night of burial *excuses came from all*; light and frivolous enough; but in particular, a verbal one sent by Garrick, "that it was cursed unlucky the funeral should be of a Monday, when they ought to know he never came to town on that day."

It was singular enough that Kelly, the Doctor's early friend, but late literary rival, should be amongst the number of his mourners. In the hasty muster of the funeral Kelly volunteered it, and we believe with pure good will; for he was, at bottom, a very good-natured man, and the grave having buried all animosities, his former

affections revived, and he paid a plentiful tribute of tears over the *manes* of his departed friend.

Some *wicked wits*, however, doubted his sincerity, and one in particular has thus ridiculed the circumstance:

"Hence K——y, who years thro' *sans*
honour or shame
Had been sticking his *bodkin* in Oliver's * fame,
Who thought, like the Tartar, by this
to inherit
His genius, his learning, simplicity,
spirit,

Now *sets every feature* to weep o'er his
fate,
And acts as a mourner to blubber in
state:

Yet thus much I'll say for this good-natured elf,
(And I dare say by this he has thought
so himself)

Had he known what a *posthumous rod* †
was in store,
He ne'er would have ventur'd to make
his eyes fore,
But sav'd those dear drops for some future
surprise,
Perhaps to dissolve at ——— ‡ *A*
Word to the Wife."

Having now conducted our author to the grave, we shall close this account with some *detached anecdotes* of him, which, though we could not regularly weave into his history, will perhaps best elucidate his character.

Though Goldsmith had justly established his fame as a *good prose writer*

* Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. † Retaliation, a poem of Goldsmith's, published after his death, wherein Kelly is mentioned, not much to the credit of his literary character.

‡ The title of one of Kelly's plays.

as well as a poet, yet it was well known to those who lived with him, that in *conversation* he was much under the par of his general abilities. In writing he collected the full force of his mind, and it bore him triumphantly through in most of his designs. But this effort spent, he seemed to relax in the reverse proportion. He expressed himself upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen. He rather cultivated (than endeavoured to get rid of) his brogue, and was so very simple in his manners, and so totally free from what is commonly called *the knowledge of the world*, that he would have been a constant object of cullibility, was he not protected in a great degree by the fame and lustre of his authorship. Garrick, who knew him well, has given us this part of his character in the following little epitaph, which he wrote one night, *impromptu*, at the club, after the Doctor had finished one of his rhodomontade stories :

“ Here rests in this mould, the remains
of dear Noll

Who wrote like an angel, but spoke
like poor Poll.”

Goldsmith was stung to the heart at the laugh which this little *jeu d'esprit* occasioned ; and this gave him the first hint of “ Retaliation,” when the poet paid back the player in his own coin and with full interest.

When Goldsmith grew into notice as an author, his levees were every morning crowded with people of all descriptions ; some from interest ; some from friendship ; and a congeniality of taste ; and others from the vanity of attaching themselves to men of fame, conscious that they have no sources of notoriety in themselves. In this group there was seldom wanting some distressed brother-authors ; and amongst those who distinguished themselves for a constancy, were, a man of the name of Purdon, Jack Pilkington, the son of the celebrated Leritia Pilkington, and Dr. Paul Hiffernan, men neither destitute of genius nor scholarship, but, seduced by the love of indolence and pleasure, chose rather to pay the forfeit of those vices (living by meannesses and upon charity) than turn their talents to that account which would have ensured them some degree of fame and a certain independence. Pilkington had been a pensioner of Goldsmith's from

the latter's first taking root in London, He was a fellow of whim and humour, and gained upon the Doctor's mind by providing for it occasional relaxation from the pursuits of study. He had, however, done something to disoblige the Doctor, and had absented himself for some months ; when, one morning, he was much surprised at Pilkington bursting into his room in the most extravagant extasies of joy. After enquiring into the cause of all this, Pilkington told him the following story :

“ My Dear Doctor, you'll excuse the liberty I have taken at thus coming so abruptly into your apartments, particularly after what has happened, wherein I confess I was much to blame ; but my joy is too great to be shared by a common acquaintance, and I could not resist running to the man who has been my best and earliest friend and benefactor.” Goldsmith, softened by this exordium, begged him to proceed.

“ You must know then,” continues Pilkington, “ that amongst the many whims of the D——s of M—— she has got a particular attachment to *white mice* ; she has procured two already, and has been several years looking for two more, and offering large sums of money for them, but without any effect. Hearing of this penchant of her Grace, I requested of a friend who went out to India some years ago, if possible, to procure two for me ; he has been diligent in his commission, and they are now in the River, on board the Earl of Chatham Indiaman, just arrived.”

This story was so very gross, that even Goldsmith's credulity could not be at first imposed upon. But Pilkington was prepared for the worst ; he instantly produced his friend's letter, advising of the shipping of the white mice, their size, qualities, &c. which so entirely convinced the Doctor of the fact, that he wished him joy of it, “ and hoped that he would avail himself of this lucky circumstance, as the means of securing a future independence.”

“ Ah !” but said Pilkington, fetching a deep sigh, “ here my cruel stars again set in against me ; for though I have got the mice, I want a cage to put them in (for you know there is no presenting such things to a Duchess but in a proper manner) ; and where to raise so much money, I know no more than how to pay off the national debt.” “ How much will a cage cost ?” said

Goldsmith. "About two guineas," replied Pilkington. "In truth, Jack, then you're out of luck, for I have got but half-a-guinea in the world." "Aye, but my Dear Doctor," continues Pilkington, "you have got a watch, and though I would rather die than propose such an indelicacy upon any other occasion than the present, if you could let me have that, I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you, with heart-felt gratitude, in a few days."

This last bait took poor Goldsmith fully on the hook; he confidently gave him his watch, which he was some months after obliged to take up himself, without hearing any thing more of his friend or the success of his white mice.

The Doctor used to tell this story with some humour, and never without an eulogium on the ingenuity of Pilkington, who could take him in after so many years' experience of his shifts and contrivances; "but how do ye think the fellow served me at last? Why, Sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers half drunk; as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe; and, sitting himself down, with the most intolerable assurance enquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if we were upon the most friendly footing. "I was at first," said Goldsmith, "so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stifled my resentment, and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon, and in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very reputationably; when all of a sudden, as if recollecting something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me with great ceremony, saying, "Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea and a half pound of sugar I have brought you, for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude." This was too much, said the Doctor, I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly, which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar, and I never saw him afterwards."

Another instance of his extreme credulity happened one night at the

Globe Tavern, in Fleet-street; a house at that time much frequented by Goldsmith, Kelly, Dr. Kenrick, Glover, and many others of the literati.—The Doctor coming into the club-room, much fatigued, from a shooting party, ordered some mutton chops for supper. The wags, finding out he had eat no dinner, and knowing their man, wanted to play some tricks with him, and the moment the chops appeared, turned up their noses and drew off their chairs from the table. This alarming Goldsmith, he asked them whether any thing was the matter with the chops? They at first evaded answering the question, but, being earnestly pressed, they one and all announced them to stink, and wondered how the waiter dared serve up such to any of their friends. This was enough for Goldsmith; he rang the bell for the waiter, and after abusing him in the most violent terms, insisted, by way of retaliation (which by the bye was hinted to him by the company), that he should sit down and eat them himself. The waiter, who by this time saw through the fun, with seeming reluctance complied; which appeasing the Doctor's mighty wrath, he ordered a fresh supper for himself, and "a dram for the poor devil of a waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal."

Among the company who frequented the Globe, was an eminent *Pig-Butcher*, a good sort of man, who piqued himself not a little on his familiarity with Goldsmith. His constant manner of drinking to him was, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." Repeating this one night in a larger company than usual, Glover whispered Goldsmith, and asked him how he could permit B——y to take such a liberty with him. "Let him alone," says the Doctor, "and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down." Accordingly, some time after, taking advantage of a pause in conversation, he called out aloud. "Mr. B——y, I have the honour of drinking your good health." On which, the other, instead of feeling any reproach, briskly answered, after first taking the pipe out of his mouth, "Thankee, thankee, Noll." "Well, where is the advantage of your reproach now?" said Glover. "In truth," said the Doctor, very good-humouredly, "I give it up; I ought to have known before now, there is no putting a pig in the right way."

The Doctor was at times very absent, and shewed such an inconsistency of mind, that if a person was to judge of his literary knowledge from some particular instances, they must think very meanly of his information or talents. He was once engaged in a violent dispute with George Bellas, the Proctor (at the very time he was writing his *History of Animated Nature*), about the *motion* of the upper jaw; and when Bellas laughed at him on the absurdity of his assertion, the Doctor very seriously, but warmly, desired him to put his finger in his mouth, and he'd convince him. Being soon after desired by a friend to recollect what he had asserted, he paused for some time, and said, "In truth I had forgot myself, but any way I ought not to have given up the victory to such an antagonist."

A vanity of occasionally thinking he was able to do any thing as well as another man, was amongst the other peculiarities of this whimsical character. Johnson, who was no stranger to Goldsmith's oddities, used to say, "Poor Goldy, rather than hold his tongue, will often talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant of, and which can only end in exposing himself. If he was in company with two founders, he would begin talking with them on the construction of cannon, though both of them would soon see he did not know what metal a cannon was made of."

As an instance of the above, he was one night at the club at St. James's-street, when the company were praising a speech which Mr. Burke had made that day in the House of Commons. This was enough to set Goldsmith agoing, who said *speechifying* was all a knack, and that he would venture to make as good a speech in either Latin, Greek, or English." The company took him at his word, but to spare him the difficulties of the dead languages would be content with a trial in English. The Doctor instantly mounted a chair, but could not get on above a sentence without the most evident embarrassment. "Well," says he, after a time, "I find this won't do, therefore I'll write my speech." No, Doctor, said the company, we don't question your talents for writing, it was speaking you engaged for. "Well, well," says the Doctor, "I'm out of luck now, but you may depend on it, as I said before, that oratory is a mere knack, which any man of education may

practise with success in a very little time."

Another time, being in company with a great number of ladies, and a ballad-singer happening to sing his favourite air of "Sally Salisbury" under the window, he exclaimed with some passion, "How miserably this woman sings!" "Pray, Doctor," says the lady of the house, "could you do it better?" Yes, madam," said he, "and the company shall be judges." He instantly began; when singing with some ear and no inconsiderable degree of pathos, he obtained the universal suffrages of the company.

Such were the peculiarities of Goldsmith, which only served as little foils to his talents and moral character. Of the former the public has long since judged; and of the latter, those who knew him best can best speak in his praise. He was so humane in his disposition, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as pensioners, beside several widows and poor housekeepers; and when he had no money to give the latter, he always sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the whole contents of the breakfast-table; saying with a smile of satisfaction after they were gone, "Now let me only suppose I have eat a much heartier breakfast than usual, and I'm nothing out of pocket."

He was always very ready to do services to his friends and acquaintance by recommendations, &c. and as he lived latterly much with the great world, and was much respected, he very often succeeded, and felt his best reward in the gratification of doing well.

Dr. Johnson knew him early and whilst he was struggling with his poverty, and always spoke as respectfully of his heart as of his talents. Goldsmith in some respects conciliated this good opinion by almost never contradicting him, and Johnson in return laughed at his oddities. Goldsmith in excuse for this used to say, "There's no chance in arguing with such a man; for, like the Tartar horse, if he does not conquer you in front, his kick from behind is sure to be fatal." In his pleasantries before Johnson, however, he had less restraint, and used to say and do many things *cum privilegio*.

As an instance of this, whilst they were

were at supper one night *tête-à-tête* at the King's Head, Holborn, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, "Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Aye, but," says Goldsmith, "how many of these would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! aye, Goldy, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, Sir," says Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray then, Sir, let us hear." "Why *one*, if it was long enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, "Well, Sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

In summing up the whole of our Poet's character, we cannot better accomplish it than in the two following portraits of him (one in verse and the other in prose), written by an intimate friend immediately after his decease, and which were both esteemed faithful likenesses.

"Here rests, from the cares of the world
and his pen,

A Poet whose like we shall scarce meet
again;

Who though form'd in an age when corrup-
tions ran high,

And Folly alone seem'd with Folly to vie,
When Genius with traffic too commonly
train'd,

Recounted her merits by what she had
gain'd,

Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement
and pelf,

And in Poverty's spite dar'd think for him-
self.

Thus free'd from those fetters the Muses oft
bind,

He wrote from the heart to the hearts of
mankind;

And such was the prevalent force of his
song,

Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a
throng.

The Lovers—'twas theirs to esteem and
commend,

For his *Hermit* had proved him their tutor
and friend.

The Statesman, his politic passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of
his lyre.

The Moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his *Essays* were curbs on the rage of the
times.

Nay, the Critic, all school'd in grammatical
sense,

Who looked in the glow of description for
sense,

Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his
heart.

Yet blessed with original powers like these,
His principal forte was on *paper* to please;

Like a fleet footed hunter, tho' first in the
chace,

On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd
his pace,

Whilst *Dulness* and *Cunning*, by whipping
and goring,

Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before
him.

Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd
him our hearts.

So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;

Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
This flux of Philanthropy quickly stood still;

Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly
severe,

And rail'd at those talents he ought not to
fear.

Such then were his foibles; but though
they were such,

As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive, and
grand,

And the whole the result of a masterly hand.
Then hear me, Blest Spirit! now seated
above,

Where all is beatitude, concord and love,
If e'er thy regards were bestow'd on man-
kind,

THE MUSE AS A LEGACY LEAVE US BE-
HIND.

I ask it by proxy for Letters and Fame,
As the pride of our art, and the old English
name.

I demand it as such for Virtue and Truth,
As the solace of Age, and the guide of our
Youth.

Consider what Poets surround us—how dull!
From *Minstrelsy* B—— to *Rosalind* H——!

Consider what K——ys *enervate* the stage;
Consider what K——cks may *poison* the
age;

O! protect us from such, nor let it be said,
That in *GOLDSMITH* the last British poet
lies dead.

The following was written *impromptu*
on the evening of his death.

In an age where genius and learning are
too generally sacrificed to the purposes of
ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of
Virtue, as well as of its friends, that they can

con-

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commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary,

Early compelled (like many of our greatest men) into the service of the Muses he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct, but knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of *Fiction* than to set off the dignity of *Truth*; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind.

Such is the short outline of his public character, which, perhaps, will be remembered whilst the first-rate Poets of this country have any monuments left them. But alas! his nobler and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of Virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it. Warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence, "the very milk of human Nature." Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding; for though there may be many instances adduced to prove he was *no man of the world*, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart.

One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last, sincere, and grateful tribute to his memory.

April 4, 1774.

AGRICULTURE.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS I am a new Correspondent, it may not be improper to commence this letter with a short account of my profession and way of life, so far as may be necessary to illustrate what I propose to offer for your consideration.

You are to know, then, Sir, that I am a man of considerable landed property; and the peculiar bent of my study, for several years past, has been to make agricultural experiments; in which I have to contrived matters, as to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*; and thus I derive not only a fund of entertainment to amuse my vacant hours, but also a very considerable increase of profit.

As my holdings are very extensive, and consist partly of arable and partly of pasture land, I am not only a Professor of Agriculture, but a considerable Flock-master likewise; so that the observations which I shall from time to time have the pleasure of communicating to you, will not be confined wholly to the georgical department of the profession, but will comprise likewise such remarks as I have had an opportunity of making in bucolicks, or the management of live stock.

I have long conceived the idea of making these observations public, but the times, Sir, have been unpropitious; for as I profess myself a scientific Agriculturist, I have hitherto been deterred from my purpose by the extreme backwardness in the occupiers of land to adopt a system, the rules of which have appear-

ed in any manner to swerve against the generally-received notions. But now that the minds of the farmers seem more open to conviction, I have resolved to carry my purpose into execution.

The Students in Agriculture have already been made acquainted with the virtues of Burnet, Timothy Grass, Succory, and various other Plants useful for cultivation, as succedaneums for common herbage: as to Succory, I have never yet seen any plantation of it, nor have I myself attempted the cultivation of it; for being an enthusiastic admirer of Virgil, I am not unmindful of what he says in the first book of his *Georgics*:

*Nec tamen (hæc cum sint hominumque,
Bovumque labores*

*Versando terram experti) nihil improbus
anser,*

*Strymonique grues, & amaris intuba
fibris,*

Officiunt, &c.

The advocates for these several plants have doubtless acted the part of good citizens, in laying their researches open to public inspection: but there are several other vegetables yet unnoticed by the writers on Agriculture, which would prove valuable *addenda* to the list. The properties of many of these I have taken the pains to investigate, and shall, with your leave, occasionally lay the result of my experiments before your readers.

It shall be my endeavour, in this letter, to rescue from an undeserved opprobrium,

probrum, a plant generally stigmatised by the farmers as a noxious weed. Not to detain your readers longer in suspense, the herb which I allude to, is the *Urtica urens* of Linnæus, or common stinging nettle. It is foreign to my purpose to enlarge upon the physical virtues of this plant: these were well known to the ancients, and both Hippocrates and Galen have spoken much of its merit in cleansing the blood and juices.

As the *Urtica* is a plant so universally known, it becomes unnecessary for me to enter into a botanical description of it; it shall therefore be my task at present to enumerate the several good qualities of this plant when cultivated for herbage, and then proceed to the method of culture, established on the test of various experiments.

The properties which recommend this plant to the notice of the Agriculturist are, first, its early appearance in the Spring; secondly, the salubrity of its pasture to milch cows, which I find by experience will yield a larger quantity of milk, when depastured on this succulent herbage, than on any other grass; thirdly, the comparative small expence in culture, when contrasted with foreign grasses; and lastly, its superiority over the latter in point of duration, and in the quality as well as quantity of the pasture.

The method which I pursue in the cultivation of this plant is to sow the seeds in a nursery bed about the time of the summer solstice; the plants raised from these seeds, will have attained a proper size for removal in three weeks; the method of doing which I shall now endeavour to point out: Let the spot intended for the reception of the *Urtica* plants be on a soil rich by nature (for unless the ground be fertile, it will be in vain to set about the raising this plant). This piece of ground having lain at rest during the Summer, or (as it is vulgarly termed) having been Summer-fallowed, let the rows be stricken out at the ratio of ten to the breadth of a rod or pole, and when there is a probability of rain in a short time, let the plants be removed from the nursery bed, and set with a dibbler in these rows, six inches apart. Thus, if the land be in good heart, the Agriculturist will be provided with a succulent pasture for his milch kine from the month of October throughout the early part of the

winter succeeding the primary formation of the plantation, and with an early Spring feed during the whole period of its existence; and this, with proper management, may be prolonged for twenty years or upwards.

Two cautions are particularly to be attended to by those who would cultivate the *Urtica* to advantage. First, that as it sends forth its Spring shoot much earlier than any other of the herbaceous kind, the planter would do well to turn his cows on the field early in the month of April, and when they shall have eaten down the *Urtica*, let them be shifted on the turneps or rye for a week or two, when the *Urtica* will become fit for depasturing a second time, and may thus be alternately depastured at different times throughout the summer; but the owner should be very cautious not to suffer this food to advance too far in its growth before he turns his cows into the close, not only because the herbage is more nutritious, but also more agreeable in flavour when eaten off in its youthful state. During the period of its growth, the crop may be cleansed from weeds by means of the scarifier (a late invention of great utility in various parts of rural economy), and this will likewise promote the growth of the main crop, by throwing the mould to the roots of the plants.

Notwithstanding what I have said in favour of the *Urtica*, as a beneficial pasture for cows, I would not recommend a very extensive plantation of it to be made: two or three acres of ground adjoining the yard, will abundantly answer the purpose of winter and spring provender for a large herd of cows, with the addition of turneps, hay, &c. and during the summer months it will come in as an occasional aid to the natural grass, clover, &c.

The *Urtica* is not a plant calculated for the scythe; but for the purposes before enumerated, I know not of any grass which bears any comparison with it. Neither is the *Urtica*, like most other succulent herbage, likely to subject the cattle fed on it to hove or blow, which is a malady that frequently proves fatal to those of the ruminating tribe depastured upon clover, lucerne, &c. in dripping summers.

I am Sir,

Your constant reader,

H. O.

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L,
For OCTOBER 1793.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. IV.
Part I. 8vo. Cadell.

THERE exists no bond of society more truly respectable, scarcely any connexion or voluntary union among mankind, more entitled to its general goodwill and affection, than those which have for their object to communicate and disseminate philosophy and knowledge. Their salutary tendency and importance is so perfectly understood, and their beneficent influence upon civilized societies is so generally felt and acknowledged, that very little remains for us to observe upon that subject which has not already been written and applauded. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves, in what we have to offer, to one circumstance, which we do not recollect to have seen remarked by others, but which appears to our humble judgment to deserve very particular notice, and to be entitled to distinguished encouragement and approbation: These institutions are doubtless in possession of all our good wishes wherever they are established; but they ought to be peculiarly the objects of our regard and gratitude when they take root in our great and populous towns, and rear their heads amidst the noise of trade and the competitions of commerce. Whether they spread their chequered shade over the busy 'Change, or rise like the woods of the Academy by the side of thronged and contentious courts, they seem to temper the intenseness of avarice, and allay the fever of the soul; to mix a kinder influence with the interests and passions of the mind; and like the Genius of the place to weave a glossier thread into the coarse fabric of society.

VOL. XXIV.

But there is another point of view in which these establishments may be contemplated with still greater satisfaction and even triumph.—London has too long been the exclusive capital of science as well as of trade. The just and noble competition of the great provincial cities of the empire may one day dispute this palm with the monopoly of the metropolis; and in the mean time, though they seem to move around its orb, they will become themselves the centers of lesser spheres within the vortex of their own attraction. The mass of knowledge will not only be enlarged, but its influence will be both vivified and dispersed. A road will be opened to local distinctions and rewards, and talents and ambition be no longer driven from their innocent and natural abodes to hew a destructive path through that wilderness of vice and intrigue which is the moral antitype of London. Talents will remain longer at least under the eye of the natural guardians of youth; emulation will be encouraged or repressed in the bosom of families in the circles of familiarity and friendship; honours and emoluments too (for these quickly follow a well-acquired reputation) will attach the most aspiring to the places of their birth, or the chief towns of their provinces, where they will be personally known and respected; an alteration very ardently to be desired, for we have long seen the capital not only ingulph too much of the genius and ambition of the country, but, in proportion as it absorbed them, extinguish that ingenuous shame which is their noblest ornament, and their

M m

only

only guide to public utility or individual honour and advantage. Removed from the salutary restraints of local acquaintance and connexion, the aspiring Youth of England is too often launched, without either star or compass, upon a wide and tempestuous sea, while giddy passion fills out every sail, and fond imagination plays the pilot at the helm: can it be wondered at then if the vessel strikes so often, or if so few of its delirious crew can make the shore? Unchecked, unguided, even unobserved, with no species of moral censorship or controul, scarce conscious of the use of character, of the necessity of esteem, their minds are corrupted as their talents are developed, and the depravity of the heart keeps pace with the expansion of the understanding. The fate of CHATTERTON will be an eternal subject for the regrets of true genius—Chatterton, “its glory and its shame.” Had there been in a city which offers so many other points of resemblance to Manchester, any institution analogous to that which is under our contemplation, it is probable this ingenious and unhappy boy had felt its genial influence, been obedient to its mild attraction, and revolved around it a bright and powerful planet: absorbed by the vortex of the metropolis, he forsook his orbit, shot an eccentric course, and perished in the unequal collision*.

With regard to the labours of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, in the volume particularly submitted to our judgment, we think ourselves entitled to congratulate it very highly upon their spirit and success. The present publication is to be considered as no more than half of the volume which will be completed very early, as we are given to understand, in the ensuing year. The contents are as follow:

ART. I. REASONS FOR SUPPOSING THAT LAKES HAVE BEEN MORE NUMEROUS THAN THEY ARE AT PRESENT, WITH AN ATTEMPT TO ASSIGN THE CAUSES WHEREBY THEY HAVE BEEN DEFACTO, BY J. GOUGH, OF KENDAL. COMMUNICATED BY DR. PERCIVAL.

This is a short but well-written tract, and contains many curious, and, we believe, accurate observations, both general and local, upon the subject it embraces. Those upon aquatic vegetables, their property of not being dissolved, or decomposed by the extinction of the principle of life, and the antiseptic qualities of water, are not only the most curious, but, as the reader will instantly observe, the most important to Dr. Kendal's hypothesis. He supposes the surface of the earth to have undergone and to undergo perpetual but imperceptible changes, from the action of gentle but unremitting causes: Those which are the principal object of his attention, he believes to proceed from the growth and accumulation of aquatic plants, which are never decomposed, owing to the phylacterical quality of the water, and to something of an analagous property of their own, which is less clearly conveyed to us. The descent of adventitious matter from the surface of the water, and the intermixture of the roots of plants (by which the formation of Peat is very satisfactorily accounted for), appear to the Author causes adequate to produce in process of time the complete desiccation of immense bodies of water. He observes, that “In every bog there is a quantity of water always ready to occupy any depression; from which we are naturally to infer, that by the removal of the mould, &c. every cavity would soon be converted into a lake.

“There are many vallies in the North

* Whether the immorality of Chatterton's life has been aggravated far beyond the truth, as has been urged by a zealous friend; or whether, to use the words of a more candid and elegant judge, “the end of this ingenious and unfortunate youth were of that dreadful kind, to which the scenes of unnatural Atheism and immature debauchery have almost a natural tendency;” we shall not be inclined in either case to alter our opinion, since the absence of any species of encouragement at Bristol dashed him upon the capital, where he was not only unprotected but unrestrained. Our readers will require no apology we imagine for the short extract we shall add from the same candid performance—“His spirit was impatient of controul, conscious of undeserved and unaccountable neglect; till at last melancholy and scepticism wrought upon his powers, and having done their perfect work, hurried him into the grave, without a tear, and without a hope.”

of England, which, if we may judge from their appearance, have formerly been filled with water. The *coves* which seem scooped out of the sides of several hills are perhaps the most singular objects of the kind. The entrance into one of these places always lies through a narrow pass, between two steep banks. A rivulet most commonly flows through this opening, which, in some cases, conveys away the superfluous water of the basin lying in the center of the natural amphitheatre. If the course of this stream be traced to some part where its declivity is interrupted by a plane, the observer may have an opportunity of discovering what has once been its employment. For he will frequently find it flowing along a channel considerably elevated by a broad bed of pebbles. The fragments constituting this ridge are in all probability the remains of a rock, that formerly occupied the opening which is now the entrance to the cove.

"Besides these, there are other valleys of greater extent, and more distant from the summits of the hills, which appear to be the worn-out reservoirs of ancient lakes. For, in them, the natural *strata* of the country are buried under deep beds of sand and pebbles. Their sides are frequently diversified with little eminences, which, in figure and structure, very much resemble the banks that are thrown up by currents: But their elevation above the neighbouring rivers forbids us to imagine that they were formed by them, as it is not uncommon to meet with small hills of the kind many yards above the limits of the greatest floods; but, at the same time, it is evident that they have been raised by streams of considerable force, as they consist wholly of rolled stones, arranged in *strata* with beds of sand between them. The finest sand is found in the lowest and most sequestered places of these hollows, in such situations as theory assigns to it on the supposition that the bottom of a lake is the least agitated by storms, where the water is deepest.

In many places it is as small as that thrown up by the sea; but it differs in this respect—sea-sand is more or less mixed with shells, but this contains none, though the lime-stone that is often found in the neighbourhood abounds with them. From this fact it may be very properly inferred, that the matter in question is of a more recent date,

than the primitive strata of the surrounding country; and that the tides of the ocean were not concerned in lodging it where we now find it. For though it would be folly to seek for shells in the heaps of pebbles described above, because they would be unavoidably crushed to pieces during the formation of these eminences, by the fragments of which they consist being thrown forcibly together by the currents; yet, it is equally evident, that the gentler undulations of the water would transport such light substances along with the finest particles of stone into the calmest parts of the reservoir, and there leave them to subside together. On this account it is highly reasonable to suppose, that the beds of sand here alluded to are not productions of the sea; but that they have been deposited by rivers, which, after running over strata in a state of decomposition, discharged all the impurities collected in their respective courses into vallies full of water at the time; and that the rubbish, which now covers their sides, consists of these impurities, disposed in their present order and arrangement, by the currents of the primitive lakes."

ART. II. AN ARGUMENT AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF MATERIALISM, ADDRESSED TO THOMAS COOPER, ESQ. BY JOHN FERRIAR, M.D. READ NOVEMBER 12, 1790.

*An toti morimur? nullaque pars manet
Nostris?*

SENEC. Troad. Act 2.

THIS argument is written with equal candour, modesty, and spirit. "Hypothesis is a mistress not easily abandoned, and equally courted," says Dr. Ferriar, "by philosophers of all sides." He therefore despairs, in spite of his own convictions, to make proselytes among the Materialists. There can be but one mode however of converting them, and that Dr. Ferriar has adopted, for he has adduced a chain of instances from the most renowned anatomists, to prove, in contradiction to their assertions, that the operations of reason have not always been, and therefore are not of necessity, interrupted or terminated by an impaired state of the substance of the brain. This argument is therefore well and pointedly directed against those who assert the local residence and material principle of the reasoning faculty.

The facts are extracted from Morgagni, Vesalius, Haller, Diemerbroek, and Ambrose-Paré, Dr. Hunter, La Peyronie, &c. and will appear of the most extraordinary description to those who have been accustomed by the influence of popular opinion to consider the smallest violence or injury to the brain as a fatal case. We must refer to the book itself such of our readers as are curious to become acquainted with these uncommon and interesting transactions. The style is extremely animated and agreeable, but we shall have an opportunity of doing more justice to Dr. Ferriar upon this head in our next article.

"On reviewing the whole of this evidence, I am disposed to conclude, says he, that as no part of the brain appears essentially necessary to the existence of the intellectual faculties, and as the whole of its visible structure has been materially changed, without affecting the exercise of those faculties, something more than the discernible organization must be requisite to produce the phenomena of thinking *.

"Thus, my dear friend, have I played off my small stock of quotations against one point of your excellent tracts; as Diogenes rolled about his tub, that he might not appear to be the only idle man in the city. I know that you will not misinterpret this attempt to furnish information, which medical writers only can supply, concerning a question which you have treated with so much clearness and precision. However we may have differed in opinion concerning this, and other subjects of importance, we have always agreed in preserving good humour. And in such a contest it will be honour enough for me to say with Lucian †, (but without intending a pun) *κεκώλισαι ὁ πῖθος ἐν Κρανίῳ*.

ART. III. COMMENTS ON STERNE.
By JOHN FERRIAR, M. D. READ
JANUARY 21, 1791.

*Vos adeste
Rifus, blanditiæ, procacitates,
Lusus, nequitia, facetiæque,
Joci, deliciæque et illecebræ.*

BUCHANAN.

"THIS is almost the only satirical and ethical writer of note who wants a commentator. The works of Rabelais, Butler, Pope, Swift, and many others, are overloaded with explanations, while Sterne remains, in many places, unintelligible to the greater number of his readers. I would gladly discharge this debt of gratitude to an author who has afforded me much delight; but my leisure hours can but produce some general traces, or occasional hints, that amount only to an amusing relaxation. Some person whose zeal is greater, and his literary repose complete, may work the mine I have opened with profit and splendour.

"Indeed, there is some danger in attempting to detect the sources from which Sterne drew his rich singularities. It has been fashionable of late, to decry the analysis of objects of admiration, and those who wish to trace the mysteries of wit and literary pleasure, are held to be profane dissectors, who mangle the carcase of learning out of spleen and idle curiosity †. Besides, the originality of Sterne has scarcely been made a problem; on the contrary, he is considered as the inventor of a new style in our language. I cannot help thinking, however, with honest Mungo in the farce, that it imports us little to hear what we do not understand; and though far beneath the dignity of Horace or Pope §, who professed to admire nothing, I think it very unphilosophical,

* Tu semper fulges, divinæ particula auræ,
Igneus ille tuus vigor et cœlestis origo
Deformem Leti faciem, tenebrasque silentis
Ridet, et æternæ spondet tibi sæcula vitæ.

Jortin. Luf. Poet.

* Lucian : *πῶς δὲν ἱστορίαν σύγγραψεν.*

† It has been said, that a learned Gentleman intends to re-publish Joe Miller's Jests, with illustrations from the Greek writers. I expect impatiently the restoration of several of his Irish stories to Hierocles the Philosopher, from whose *Ἀστειὰ* those ridiculous blunders have wandered abroad, and having lost their original country, are most unfairly quartered upon Ireland.

§ Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

Hor. Ep. Lib. i. Ep. vi.
Ergo.

to let wonder conquer reason, especially in the closet.

"To be too curious in the survey of beautiful performances, is to invite disgust. The Colossal statues of Phidias, though polished to perfection without, bore a rude appearance to those who examined them within: but if a limb, or a feature of a work should appear to be purloined from the labours of a former artist, it would be right to look for his mark.

"In tracing some of Sterne's ideas to other writers, I do not mean to treat him as a Plagiarist; I wish to illustrate not to degrade him. If some instances of copying be proved against him, they will detract nothing from his genius, and will only lessen that imposing appearance he sometimes assumed, of erudition which he really wanted."

Thus far we have suffered Dr. Ferriar to speak for himself, without any interruption from us; the last paragraph will not appear so extraordinary to our readers as it does to us who have read the whole Comments, with the attention it is our duty to give whatever is submitted or confided to our judgment. We passed over it the first time of our reading, as they would probably do, if we did not arrest and fix their attention to it upon the outset; we trust they will think we have done no more than what was incumbent upon us in justice, and our peculiar situation. In admiring the modesty, precaution, and delicacy of Dr. Ferriar, they will recollect, that a free, a fearless, and an impartial censure is the unqualified duty of his reviewers,

When we have presented our readers with several extracts, which cannot fail to interest and amuse them, from this entertaining piece of criticism, we shall assert the rights and charter of our corporate capacity, and examine whether Dr. Ferriar ought not, had he possessed as much literary courage as he undoubtedly possesses discernment, candour, and forbearance, to have taxed our trumpeted Yorick with the most scandalous fraud and plagiarism which has yet

been detected in the annals of our republic of letters. Dr. Ferriar will doubtless be contented with the praises we have given him; they are those, however, let him remember, which are amiable in the man, rather than in the man of letters. We owe our knowledge to mankind; to conceal our discoveries is a misdemeanour, if it is not a treason; and to want courage in this species of delation, is not only a weakness but a crime.

That Tristram Shandy plundered Rabelais who had pillaged Lucian, that the *Agamemnon* of Hierocles preceded the blunders of Gascony and Ireland, are not discoveries—neither are they thefts which any one would think of reclaiming before the magistrates of Parnassus. If this property has been transferred, it has been transferred in market overt at least, and they who cannot trace the owner are not the victims of fraud so much as of negligence; they cannot be said to be cheated, the cheat is so barefaced; for dupes are those whom nature cheats, not men.

Who is acquainted with Burton but men of a peculiar turn for obsolete reading, which is itself happily almost obsolete? Who ever perused the "facetious thoughts of Bruscombille," *atque alia quæ sint dediscenda si scires?*—Who reads Cardan upon Consolation, or the "Cure of Love Melancholy?" When Sterne could preach or print the "Sermons of Bentley," it shewed the sloth and ignorance of the age; when he transcribed the "Anatomy of Melancholy," it shewed not so much his audacity as his bad faith; *Tuumne id an sæculi proclive?* But Bentley was never forgotten by those who understood him, and Burton, by a rare fate, was known only to one who wished him forgotten. Let us hear Dr. Ferriar himself; we are sure we shall listen with as much astonishment as pleasure.

"But there can be no doubt respecting Sterne's obligations to another author, once the favourite of the learned and witty, though now unaccountably neglected. I have often wondered at

* ἐκείνων γὰρ ἕκαστος τὰ ἐκτὸς, ὃ μὴν Ποσειδῶν, ἢ Ζεὺς ἐστὶ πάγκαλος, χρυσὴ καὶ ἐλέφαντος ξυμειγασμένος, ***** "ἢ δὲ ὑποκύψας ἰδὼς τὰ ἐνδοθεν, ὄψει μοχλὰς τινὰς, καὶ γόμφους, καὶ ἥλας διαμπαῖς πεπερωτημένους, καὶ κορμούς, καὶ σφῆνας, καὶ πτίλας ὑπόπτελους, καὶ τοιαύτην τινὰ παλὴν ἀμορφίαν ὑπαυῆρσαν.

Lucian Onειρ: ἢ Αλεκτης:

the pains bestowed by Sterne in ridiculing opinions not fashionable in his day, and have thought it singular, that he should produce the portrait of his sophist, Mr. Shandy, with all the stains and mouldiness of the last century about him. For the love of scarce and whimsical books, was no vice of the time when Tristram Shandy appeared. But I am now convinced, that all the singularities of that character were drawn from the perusal of *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*; not without reference*, however, to the peculiarities of Burton's life, who is alleged to have fallen a victim to his astrological studies. We are told, accordingly, that Mr. Shandy had faith in astrology†.

"The *Anatomy of Melancholy*, though written on a regular plan, is so crowded with quotations, that the reader is apt to mistake it for a book of common-places. The opinions of a multitude of authors are collected, under every division, without arrangement, and without much nicety of selection, to undergo a general sentence; for the bulk of the materials enforces brevity on the writer. In the course of a moderate folio, Burton has contrived to treat a great variety of topics, that seem very loosely connected with his subject; and, like Bayle, when he starts a train of quotations, he does not scruple to let the digression outrun the principal question. Thus, from the Doctrines of Religion, to Military Discipline; from inland Navigation, to the Morality of Dancing Schools, every thing is discussed and determined. The quaintness of many of his divisions seems to have given Sterne the hint of his ludicrous titles to several chapters‡; and the risible effect resulting from Burton's grave endeavours to prove indisputable facts by weighty quotations, he has happily caught, and sometimes well barlequed. This was the consequence of an opinion prevalent in the last age, which a late writer has attempted to re-establish respecting history—That authorities are facts.

"But where the force of the subject opens Burton's own vein of prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant ex-

pression. The proof of this will appear in those passages which Sterne has borrowed from him without variation."

"It is very singular, that in the introduction to the Fragment on Whiskers, which contains an evident copy, Sterne should take occasion to abuse Plagiarists: "Shall we for ever make new books, as Apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?" *Ex ore tuo*—"Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holidays, as well as working-days, to be shewing the relics of learning, as monks do the relics of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?"—Here we must acquit Sterne: he has certainly done wonders, wherever he has imitated or borrowed.—

"One denier, cried the Order of Mercy—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

"—The lady Bausfiere rode on.

"Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his wither'd hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire—I call God and all his angels to witness—'tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

"—The Lady Bausfiere rode on.

"He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me—pity me.

"—The Lady Bausfiere rode on.

The citation of the original passage from Burton will confirm all I have said of his style.

"A poor decay'd kinsman of his sets upon him by the way in all his jollity, and runs begging bare-headed by him, conjuring him by those former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. uncle,

* Even the name of Democritus junior, affected by Burton, may have led to Sterne's assumption of the title of Yorick. Burton too was a clergyman.

† Vol. iii. chap. 23. Vol. v. chap. 23.

‡ The Tale of a Tub, and the Memoirs of Scriblessus, must come in for a share of this influence.

§ Tristram Shandy, Vol. v. Chap. 3.

cousin, brother, father --- shew some pity for Christ's sake, pity a sick man, an old man, &c. he cares not, ride on: pretend sickness, inevitable loss of limbs, plead Jewels, or shipwreck, fires, common calamities, shew thy wants and imperfections, --- swear, protest, take God and all his angels to witness, quære peregrinum, thou art a counterfeit crank, a cheat, he is not touched with it, pauper ubique jacet, ride on, he takes no notice of it. Put up a supplication to him in the name of a thousand orphans, a hospital, a spital, a prison as he goes by, they cry out to him for aid: ride on --- Shew him a decay'd haven, a bridge, a school, a fortification, &c. or some public work; ride on, Good your worship, your honour, for God's sake, your Country's sake: ride on *."

" 'Tis either Plato," says Sterne, "or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some one, perhaps, of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca, (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly, we find that David wept for his son Absalom—Adrian for his Antinous†—Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death." This is well rallied, as the following passage will evince; but Sterne should have considered how much he owed to poor old Burton.

"Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous: *Omnium quæ in vita humana contingunt, læstus atque mors sunt acerbissima*, [Cardan de Consol. lib. 2.] The most austere and bitter accidents that can happen to a man in this life, in æternum valedicere, to part for ever, to forsake the world and all our friends, 'tis ultimum terribilium, the last and the greatest terrour, most irksome and troublesome unto us, &c.—Nay many generous spirits, and grave staid men oiberwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a

dear friend they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months after, howling O bone, as those Irish women, and Greeks at their graves, commit many indelcent actions, &c."

" 'Tis an inevitable chance---the first statute in Magna Charta---it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother---all must die §."

" 'Tis an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting act of parliament, all must die ||."

"When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart---he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it, &c.---But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion---nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made me ¶."

"Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola's death at first, until such time that he had confirmed his mind with some philosophical precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and for her reception into heaven to be much more joyed than before he was troubled for her loss **."

"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum?---What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh, and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mytilene; the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more ††."

"Kingdoms, provinces, towns, and cities," says Burton, "have their periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy, Mycene was the fairest city in Greece,---but it, alas, and that Assyrian Nineve are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and Boeotian Thebes, Delos, the common council-house of Greece, and Babylon, the greatest city that ever the Sun shone on, but now nothing but walls and rubbish left."---And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cizicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian cities? Syracuse and Agrigentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes seven hundred

* Anat. of Melanch. 269.

† The time has been, when this conjunction with the king of Israel would have smelt a little of the faggot.

‡ Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

|| Anat. of Melanch. p. 215.

§ Tristram Shandy, Vol. v. Chap. 3.

¶ Sterne, ** Burton.

†† Sterne.

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thousand inhabitants, are now decayed.

"Let us follow Sterne again. "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyraus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now prostrate on the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that a man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember that thou art a man."

"This is, with some slight variations, Burton's translation of Servius's letter. Sterne alters just enough, to shew that he had not attended to the original. Burton's version follows.

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina toward Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Pyraus on the right hand, Corinth on the left; what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes! Alas, why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter? when so many goodly cities lie buried before us. Remember, O Servius, thou art a man; and with that I was much confirm'd, and corrected myself."

"My son is dead," says Mr. Shandy, "so much the better*; 'tis a shame in such a tempest, to have but one anchor."

"I—but he was a most dear and loving friend," quoth Burton, "my sole friend—Thou maist be ashamed, I say with Seneca, to confess it, in such a tempest as this, to have but one anchor."

"But," continues Mr. Shandy, "he is gone for ever from us! be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald. He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken. The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made

merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat? Not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it? Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life†, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?"

"I shall follow Burton's collections as they stand in his own order‡. "*Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller that comes weary to his inn, begin his journey afresh? - - - he is now gone to eternity - - - as if he had risen, saith Plutarch, from the midst of a feast, before he was drunk - - - Is it not much better not to hunger at all than to eat: not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst; not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diseases, agues, &c. The Thracians wept still when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when any man was buried: and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life§.*"

We have given these Extracts, and shall, in the Continuation of our Review, communicate to our readers some others, which we do not fear but they will peruse with avidity. The limits of our Magazine confine us for the present, and we feel ourselves with regret obliged to interrupt the career of our criticism, the scope and tendency of which, however, we flatter ourselves, are already sufficiently clear, to enable them to consider not only what we have extracted but what we have written, in the full and direct sense with which we have intended to convey our humble but deliberate opinion.

Our next Number will conclude the present Article, and embrace our observations upon the remaining contents of these Memoirs.

C. L.

* This is an awkward member of the sentence.

† This approaches to one of Shakespeare's happy expressions:

Duncan is in his grave:

After Life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

‡ Sterne has commonly reversed the arrangement, which produces a strong effect in the comparison.

§ Anat. of Melanch. p. 216.

An Essay towards a History of Bideford, in the County of Devon. By John Watkins. 8vo. 5s. Sewell.

"NEITHER the town nor its neighbourhood afford much matter for the exercise of a learned topographer; I have therefore a prepossession, that the present performance will be treated with a sufficient degree of contempt, by every one who lays claim to that fashionable character.

"The old maxim *ex nihilo nihil fit* is peculiarly applicable to this species of literature. What materials I could possibly procure, have been made the most of; and if the reader should feel a disappointment in not finding many relations here, which are usual in topographical pieces, he must put it to the account that no such could be found."

With the presentiment entertained by Mr. Watkins, and with the conviction he felt of his great want of materials for a good topographical performance, it is not a little astonishing, that he should rather have preferred to *make the most of them*, than to abandon such a design.

A description of Bideford, the state of its markets, births, marriages, and burials, the names of its rectors, the history of parish quarrels, of the bickerings of dissenting parsons with the established priests—whom can they entertain but, perhaps, the schoolmaster, apothecary, and attorney of Bideford? What interest can the public take in the records of an obscure borough, in a remote corner of the kingdom? To create any interest, and still more to support it, or detain attention, for even the best works of this nature (notwithstanding topography, as we are told, is so *fashionable* a science), we should suggest to Mr. Watkins, whether local history ought not to be relieved and enlightened by general reflections, by illustrations, and examples, which are common to other parts of the kingdom? We would beg leave to observe to him, that the skill of the antiquarian, though he treats some particular subject under his eye, consists in giving a just analogy by which, with the application of his knowledge, we may ascertain the age, nation, use, intention, &c. of the same objects, wherever they occur. His observations ought to throw light upon general history, and to explain the usages and customs, the degree of advancement in arts, elegance, manners, the peculiarities of every age;—to ex-

plain the æra of particular styles of buildings, the uses of many remarkable vestiges of those works of antiquity which yet remain, and which exhaust conjecture and fatigue curiosity, with a thousand of those general circumstances which it is impossible for our Review to enumerate.

It is not from fastidiousness that we decline extracting any specimen of Mr. Watkins's success in the walk of literature he has selected, but because we are firmly persuaded, that no part of it could prove interesting to any of our readers, excepting indeed such, perhaps, as may reside in the town or neighbourhood of its historian, and to them we can safely venture to recommend the whole of his performance. We shall, however, present them with a passage or two, which will, probably, amuse them, and at the same time enable us to do justice to Mr. Watkins's style and composition.

The first we shall offer them is a biographical sketch of a very extraordinary character, some parallels to which have lately been much talked of, and which seems to pourtray in strong colours an infirmity of the most singular kind that affects our nature—a species of madness that has always existed, and for which there seems to be no cure.

"Thomas Stucley was a very extraordinary character, and was born June 6, 1681. He resided some time in the Middle Temple, but never practised the law. Retiring to his native place, he conceived the idea of being able to discover the quadrature of the circle, and the perpetual motion. Such abstract studies kept him so much from company, that at length he would not go out of doors.

"By this means he became hypochondriacal, and was haunted with the dreadful apprehensions of catching some epidemic disorder, or of dying with want; and yet he lived in filthiness, and would scarcely ever receive money that was due to him.

"Of his early neglect of pecuniary concerns it is related, that some years after he quitted his chambers, a gentleman who occupied them, seeing something on a shelf over the door, took it down, and found it to be an old portmanteau, containing among other articles two hundred guineas.

"He had a large quantity of gold and silver thrown into a heap in his bed-chamber, and as he was accustomed to walking much, he had, by kicking the pieces aside, made two paths through the heap, which remained so to his death. There was hardly a corner in his house but contained money in piles, to which the spiders hung their webs in peace. By this carelessness his executors lost considerable sums. Whenever he vouchsafed to receive any money it was always put into a basin of water, and remained there some hours.

"He was fond of politics, and regularly read the newspapers. When the Duke of Marlborough laid siege to any town in Flanders, Mr. Studley would draw a plan of the place upon his kitchen floor, which, according to the Devonshire custom, was made of lime and ashes, and by the intelligence of the newspapers, he would work at the plan with a pick-axe, so that every conquest cost him a new floor.

"At the accession of George I. he was obliged to appear at the town-hall to swear allegiance; and the concourse of people assembled to see him was immense. He wore then a little round hat covered with tar, and his beard was of an immoderate length. After this he never stirred out of doors. He was afraid of having new clothes for fear of infection, and because he would not see a new face. Though his servants lived well, yet they were always in a ragged condition, and could very rarely get permission to have a new garment.

"He would never see any of his friends, not even his brothers and sister.

"At his death there were two trenches in his kitchen, made by his constant walking; and a large pit before the fire, in which he used to sit.

"He died about 1738, and at his death his body was covered with vermin. He was interred in the family vault at West Worlington. Some account of him has been given in Dr. Shebbeare's *Letters on the English Nation*, published in 1755."

The singular situation of a solitary family who live in an island, without any other society than their own, will not only gratify curiosity, but ascertain the extreme pliability and docility of the human mind, which is, perhaps, capable of finding contentment in every situation of life exempted from pos-

sitive pain. It is followed by a short historical relation, which may present analogous reflections, and still stronger than the other.

"The Island of Lundy, which lies opposite this part of the coast, is 5 miles long, and two broad, but so encompassed with rocks, that it is accessible only in one part, and the avenue there is so narrow, that a few men might defend the pass against a multitude. Though it is distant four leagues from the nearest land, it abounds with fine springs of fresh water. The soil of the southern part is good, but the northern part is rocky. There is, among others, one craggy pyramidal rock so remarkable for the number of rats burrowing about it, that it is called Rat-Island. The whole island abounds with rabbits and wild fowl. It is inhabited by one family, which is maintained by saving the rabbit skins and the feathers of the birds.

"It formerly belonged to the Granville family, it was afterwards the property of Sir John Borlase Warren, who designed to have settled a colony upon it; he sold it to John Cleveland, Esq. who is the present proprietor.

"Rifson says, that it once had a fort and a chapel. He also from Mat. Paris relates, that one William Morisco, conspiring the death of Henry III. at Woodstock, confederated with a Knight of the Court to murder him in his chamber, by an inlet in the window; but it chanced that the King lay elsewhere that night, whereupon the villain sought in other places and chambers with his knife drawn, and found Margaret Byffet, one of the Queen's maids, late up and reading, who hereat being affrighted, shrieked out, and awaked some of the King's guard, who coming up laid hands upon him, and after some imprisonment he was drawn in pieces with horses, at Coventry; whereupon Morisco fled to this island, and strongly fortified it, and became a pirate, doing much damage to this coast; but at last he was surprised, and with sixteen of his companions executed. Formerly, says the same Author, this island had governors, for Sir Ralph Willington had the custodie thereof committed to him, and after he was discharged, it was committed to Humphrey de Bohun."

This book also contains a very curious recital of trials of witches of the parish of Bideford in the year 1682. Three of these poor wretches were executed

executed for their imaginary crime. When we find them confessing and denying alternately their guilt, and contradicting themselves and one another, we see the deplorable weakness and insufficiency of human reason; but when we behold the league and confederacy of a whole parish to convince themselves and one another, and even the witch herself, of her commerce with the Devil; when we find the priest and the lawyer putting questions,

such as, Did you ever ride in the air on a broom?—Did you ever cross the sea on a cow?—When the Devil came to bed to you, why did not you call upon the name of God? &c. &c. &c. we see all the absurdity of the understanding, and all the depravity of the heart.—Such persons as delight in the details of superstition and madness, may, perhaps, desire to peruse this part of Mr. Watkins's performance.

The Origin of Arianism disclosed. By John Whitaker, B. D. Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, Cornwall. Large 8vo. 10s. 6d. Stockdale.

HOWEVER numerous the Writers on the side of heterodoxy may be, and however formidable their abilities, still there is no reason to complain either of the paucity or the dexterity of the defenders of the orthodox system. The advocates for those doctrines which are generally considered as composing the very essence of Christianity, have not been idle in their station in this age of controversy, when men of splendid talents, and great celebrity of character, have come forth in considerable numbers and boldness to destroy the credit of those doctrines.

It is deserving of observation, that whenever any eminent assailant of the truths of our religion has arisen, to the alarm of the pious and the satisfaction of the infidel, Providence has never failed to bring forth a champion of equal or superior abilities to defend them. The reader who is acquainted with ecclesiastical history will be at no loss to advert to numerous instances in proof of the assertion, in every period of the Christian Church; and for our parts, we shall only say, that when Arianism had to glory in the abilities and character of a Clarke, orthodox Christianity saw, with equal satisfaction, her cause sufficiently maintained by the learned and pious Waterland. And when Socinianism became refined, at a later period, into a more dangerous species of error, under the plastic hand of an ingenious experimentalist, the faith of the Church had the abilities of a Horsley exerted in its defence.

In a grateful sense of what learning and religion owe to the last mentioned dignified character, Mr. Whitaker has thought proper to dedicate to him the present performance, the professed design of which is to vindicate the same great doctrine which the able prelate

has defended, but in a different manner.

Of this very elaborate work, which absolutely gives a new turn to one of the most important (if not indeed the most important) articles of religious controversy, we shall lay before our readers as clear an analysis as we possibly can. The character of the learned Author deserves this, and the singular merit of his performance, abounding with rich stores of erudite research, and close and convincing argument, expressed in his elegant and animated language, claims this at our hands.

It is divided into five chapters, and each of those again is subdivided into sections.

Chapter the first is merely introductory. In the first section the Author takes occasion to lament, that "in this kingdom, and at this period, there is a rising aversion to theological controversy." Mr. Whitaker remarks, with that acuteness of observation which hath always been his peculiar characteristic, that from this new and degenerate sort of stoicism, religion itself is losing its weight in the scale of public opinions. A rectitude of sentiment in religion, therefore, is no longer considered of so much importance as it was. Where the substance is sinking in its efficacy upon the heart, the incidents must necessarily fall off in their consequence with the mind."

The following picture is so strikingly beautiful, that we are persuaded our readers will be pleased with us for giving it a place here:

"While there is any life of religion actuating the great body of this Island," says Mr. W. "there must and will be controversies in theology.—While the grand code of Christianity exercises the attention, and fastens upon

the passions of our people, there will be weakness of intellect to be set right, and perverseness of conduct to be corrected by the Clergy. These are to stand round the altars of the Gospel, to keep up the fire of religion there in all its power, and to maintain it in all its purity. Nor will they be found unfaithful to their charge, while there is any spring of theological activity in the clerical mind, and while there are any energies of religious zeal in the clerical heart. When they come to nod beside the altar, to slumber over the dying flame, or to look on with a stupid unconcern, while wretched men are heaping false and unhallowed fuel upon it, then irreligion has finished its course among us. A spiritual frost has spread its influence through the body. It has benumbed the extremities. It is come to the heart. And like a poor man stretched out upon the snows of the Alps, the nation will then be angry at those who disturb its rest in order to save it; will then beg to be allowed a little longer repose upon its bed of ice, and feel a pleasing serenity gliding gradually through all its veins, stopping up one by one all the avenues of life, and hastening on to quench the last spark of vitality, by seemingly lulling it into a gentle sleep."

But Mr. Whitaker expresses a pious and candid hope, and we are induced to hope with him, that the National Ministry of this country will not be reduced to such a state as this. There is a very large body among the Clergy of this land, who are prompted both by inclination and ability to exert their utmost force in preserving the genuine spirit of religion among us.

In the following sections of this chapter, our author proves the ancient Jews to have been as much believers in the divine nature of their Messiah as we are in that of our Jesus, from their own acknowledgments recorded in the New Testament. The animated sketch which is here given of Our Lord's conduct and actions during the period of his ministration, is extremely beautiful, and presses upon the mind the deepest persuasion of the dignity of his person and character.

In the second chapter Mr. W. undertakes to prove, not merely that the ancient Jews believed in a trinity of persons in the Divine Essence, but likewise to ascertain the period when this article was relinquished among that

people, and their present opinion adopted.

Our Author's principal evidence rests upon the authority of Philo Judæus, who flourished in the reign of the Emperor Caligula. This man was certainly very eminent in his day, not only among his own countrymen, but also among the Gentiles; was sent at the head of a Jewish legation from Alexandria to Rome in the time of the above-mentioned Emperor, and a second time in the succeeding days of Claudius; of course, as Mr. Whitaker justly observes, he was a cotemporary with the Apostles; and the writings of such a man as this must be a full evidence of the opinions of the Jews at the moment.

After a well appreciated character of this writer, and a faithful comparison between him and the Evangelical Historians, Mr. W. draws from him, and places in the strongest light, all that he has advanced on the subject of the divinity of the Son of God. Philo calls that sublime personage the "LOGOS OF GOD," which, as our Author truly says, "must have been a title equally known to other Jews, or he could not possibly have adopted it."

The introduction of this appellation into the Gospel History by St. John is remarkable. None of the other Evangelists have noticed it, either by name or allusion, and hence it is evident that it must have been familiar to a few only. The reason given for St. John's using this philosophical title is extremely just: "The title," says Mr. Whitaker, "was in high repute, and in familiar use among the refined spirits of the age, and his Gospel was calculated for the service of such. The almost perpetual recurrence of the appellation in Philo's works, shews evidently the use and repute in which it was among the more spiritualized of the Jews. St. John, therefore, adopted it himself, for the more easy access to their conviction. It was also congenial, probably, of itself, to the spiritualized state of St. John's mind. He who had dwelt so much more than the other Evangelists upon the *doctrines* of our Saviour, and who has drawn out so many of them, in all their spiritual refinement of ideas, would naturally prefer the *spiritual* term of relationship for God the Son and God the Father, before the *bodily*; whenever the intellect was raised enough to receive it, and whenever the use of it

was sufficiently guarded from danger.—These were two reasons, I suppose, that induced St. John to use it a *few* times. And these were equally, I suppose, the reasons that induced him, with all his guards, to use it *only* a few.”

Our learned Author then pertinently adduces the testimony given to the truth of St. John's doctrine respecting the divinity of the Logos by Amelius, an eminent Philosopher of the Platonic Sect. The observations of this person upon the introduction to the sacred Historian's Gospel, though expressed in the most contemptuous language, form, as Mr. W. observes, a very valuable comment upon it, as shewing that the learned heathens of those times understood the Apostle's sense in the same manner as the orthodox have always done, and as “it shews him also to have been well known to the Grecian contemporaries of Amelius, as a writer, as a foreigner, and as a marked assertor of *divinity* for his Logos.”

In the third section we have Philo's evidence for the personality of the Logos largely branched forth; and in those which follow, “the Logos is shewn in a still stronger irradiation of Philo's light, as the Maker and Manager of the Creation, the dignified Representative of God to his creatures, and “very God of very God.”

That Author is very full concerning the Son in the act of exerting his creative divinity in the universe; and Mr. Whitaker is not sparing of his quotations from him, or in remarking strongly upon them.

“But we mount higher in the scale of the Jewish faith,” to use our respectable Author's strong language; from the same authority we learn, that the faith of the orthodox in the Jewish church was, that “the Logos was the inspector and controller of the universe, steering the helm of the world as he thinks fit.”

That our readers may form a judgment of the manners of this ancient writer, and of the style of his very able translator, we have extracted the following passage.

“Examine,” says Philo, in a just strain of religious thoughtfulness, “the changes of whole countries and nations, to better and to worse. Greece was formerly in the vigour of youth, but the Macedonians robbed it of its strength. Macedonia then flourished; but being broken into parts, decayed till it utterly

withered away. Before the Macedonians, the Persians were in prosperity, but one day destroyed their large and mighty kingdom. And now the Parthians, who were then subject to the Persians, rule over them who a little while ago were their governors.—Egypt formerly looked illustrious and very stately; but her great happiness has passed away like a cloud. What are the Ethiopians? What is also Carthage and the power of Libya? And what are the Kings of Pontus, what is Europe, and Asia, and (to speak briefly) all the globe? Is it not agitated up and down, and vibrated about as a ship at sea, and has now prosperous and now adverse gales? for the divine Logos, whom the many of mankind denominate Fortune, leads the dances in a circle. Then, passing at his ease through cities, and nations, and countries, he distributes the possession of these to those, and of all to all; which only vary in the times themselves to each: so that the whole world is as one city, which exhibits the best of all democratic policies.”—Upon this passage Mr. Whitaker observes, “We here see the Logos again exalted into that supremacy of Godhead over the affairs of the world, which the ignorance of heathenism attributed to Fortune; which the tongues of Christians, continuing a language contradictory to their sentiments, still attribute to the same blind deity; and which Christianity attributes, with Philo and his contemporaries, to the presiding Son of God. The Logos is thus the *providence* of God. The rises and the falls of cities, kingdoms, and empires; all that has marked the public fortunes of man, with many and awful revolutions, and

— — — — billowed high

With human agitation

the public history of man, result from the controuling superintendence of this God at the pole of the universe. He there, with his strong hand, turns the globe as he pleases. Now one side is uppermost, and now another, as he sees will be best for his general plans of wisdom. And he makes the sun of prosperity to shine upon this side, then to resign it up again to the darkness of adversity, and so to pass and illumine another; just as easily, just almost as regularly, and only not in so short intervals of continuance, as he causes

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the returns of day and night. And "the whole world," under the ruling power of the Logos, "is as one city, which exhibits the best of all democratic policies." This doctrine, indeed, is strikingly curious in itself, and highly confirmatory of the imputed divinity of Our Saviour. Yet I know not that it is any where displayed in scripture so apparently as it is here. It is intimated, however. He who is represented (as we have already seen) to be the present inspector, must be also the present controller of the wild and tumultuous transactions of man on the face of this globe. He also, who is described to be the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, must be the raiser of kingdoms from the dust, and the reducer of them again to the dust from which they came."

In considering the high pre-eminence of titles which the Jewish theology attributed to its Logos, our learned Author has displayed great force of judgment, and exhibited a strong chain of sound argumentation. Among these titles or characters one of the most remarkable is that of *Mediator* for man, under which the philosophic reporter of the Jewish orthodox faith represents the Logos. "To the Archangel, and most ancient Logos, the Father who created the universe has given the peculiar grant, that he should stand as a bounding line, to distinguish that which was made from him who formed it. And he is the continual supplicator for the perishing mortal to the Immortal, and the ambassador of the sovereign to the subject. And he exults in the grant, and glorying explains it, saying,— "And I stood betwixt the Lord and you, neither the unbegotten as the existing God, nor made as you, but the middle of the extremes, an hostage to both; to him who planted you, to assure you he will not ever destroy or desert your whole race, and introduce disorder in the room of order; and to you plants, for your happy hope, that the benevolent God will never overlook his own work. For I will be the proclaimer of peace to the creature from that God who is always the guardian of peace, and knows how to

take away wars." "Here," says the Translator and Commentator, "we have the top-stone (as it were) laid to the fabric of the creation, and the Logos standing erect above it. He is discriminated in the most express manner from the creatures, and he appears as a mediator betwixt the Father and them."

We have, moreover, the *incarnation* of the Logos, his *eternity*, and his *substantial* union with the Father clearly asserted in this valuable writer, all which is confirmatory of the position, that the ancient Jews were believers in the divinity of their Messiah.

In the last section of this chapter we have a copious citation of passages from Philo, to prove that his faith, and that of his countrymen, was, that "the Logos was the visible God of their nation, and the acting Jehovah of the Old Testament, to them and to all mankind."

At the end of the chapter Mr. Whitaker subjoins a long note, against those Arians who allow the Logos to have been the visible God of the Old Testament, and yet assert him to have been only an angel by nature, and a God by investiture.

This wild whimsy was advanced with much philosophical parade in Bishop Clayton's famous "Essay on Spirit," and drawn out into a more ample form, and vindicated by the learned Mr. Taylor, in his "Letters from Ben Mordecai." Of these works our present able advocate for orthodoxy observes, "The former has been some time resigned up to the shades from which it came. I will not disturb its repose. "I war not with the dead." But as the latter is yet "moving betwixt earth and heaven," it may be useful to make a few remarks upon it. A few will be sufficient to give it its death's wound. And in him I shall answer the *Essayist* and all these *Semianians*." That Mr. Whitaker has adroitly combated what Mr. Taylor has advanced, must be granted; the weapons of warfare are familiar to his hands. W.

(To be continued.)

Essay on the Principles of Translation. 8vo. pp. 260. Cadell, 1791.

[Concluded from Page 189.]

THIS pleasing writer now comes to his second general rule.—This is, that "a translator must apply his at-

tention to discover the true character of his author's style. He must ascertain with precision, to what class it belongs; whether

whether to that of the grave, the elevated, the easy, the lively, the florid and ornamented, or the simple and unaffected; and these characteristic qualities must be equally conspicuous in the translation as in the original. If a translator wants this discernment, let him be ever so thoroughly master of the sense of his author, he will present him through a distorting medium, or exhibit him often in a garb that is unsuitable to his character." This is exemplified in a prose translation of a line in Virgil by the Abbe des Fontaines; in a version of several passages from Tacitus by Dryden, and several eminent hands; and in Hobbes's description of Jupiter's brows and curls from Homer.

But a translator, "adds our Essayist, "may discern the general character of his author's style, and yet fail remarkably in the imitation of it. Unless he is possessed of the most correct taste, he will be in continual danger of presenting an exaggerated picture, or a caricatura of his original. The distinction between good and bad writing is often of so very slender a nature, and the shadowing of difference so extremely delicate, that a very nice perception alone can at all times define the limits." This passage is a good specimen of the judiciousness, the delicacy, and the elegance of our Essayist's mode of thinking and writing. And the remark is exemplified in the Fourth Oration of Cicero against Catiline, among "the orations of M. T. Cicero translated into English, with notes historical and critical, Dublin, 1766," where "the grave style of the original becomes heavy and formal in the translation;" in Dryden's version of two or three lines of Ovid, where "the elevated swells into bombast;" in Enoch's version of a passage in the Amphitruo of Plautus, and in L'Estrange's translation of three passages in Seneca, where "the lively froths up into the petulant;" and in a translation into English of a stanza in Rousseau, where "the simple and naïf degenerates into the childish and insipid."

These instances "of faulty translation, from a defect of taste in the translator, or a want of a just discernment of his author's style and manner of writing," are contrasted by our Essayist "with some specimens of perfect translation, where the authors have entered with exquisite taste into the manner of

their originals, and have succeeded most happily in the imitation of it." The first is taken from Bourne's translation into Latin of the opening stanzas in "the beautiful ballad of *William and Margaret*," in which we observe, however, these lines of the original,

The rose was budded in her cheek,

And opening to the view,

translated with this *diffusive* elegance;

Et veneres rîfere, et subrubuere labella,

Subrûbet ut teneris purpura prima rosis.

The second is cited from Bourne's translation of Prior's *Cloe Hunting*; the third, from a version of Horace's Dialogue with Lydia, by the Duke De Nivernois; "in which," says our Essayist, "if any thing is faulty, it is the last stanza, which does not convey the happy petulance—the *procacitas* of the original;" the fourth, from Mr. Webb's translation of an Epigram in the Anthologia; and the fifth and sixth, from Mr. Cumberland's "admirable translations of two fragments from the Greek dramatists Timocles and Diphilus, which are preserved by Athenæus."

But "the rule which enjoins to a translator the imitation of the style of the original author," adds the Essayist, "demands several limitations." These he states, and then exemplifies from Melmoth's translation of Tully's and of Pliny's Epistles; from D'Alembert's, Rousseau's, and Gordon's versions of passages in Tacitus; and from Mr. Macpherson's prose translation of Homer. "The French language," he remarks, "admits of a brevity of expression more corresponding to that of the Latin," than the English does. Mr. Macpherson's translation, he says, "is a work valuable, as containing a most perfect transfusion of the sense of his author." But he "has generally adopted an inverted construction of words, which is incompatible with the genius of the English language." And let us observe, that he has generally suppressed all those *appellative epithets*, as we may call them, which are perpetually recurring in Homer, and are so strikingly characteristic of him; though the same recurrence appears in his own *Ossian*, and though one of those epithets is exactly correspondent, *an-dapag* with *car-borne*. He has thus, in spite of authority,

authority, given up the very principle on which he undertook this translation.

The Essayist then examines the point, "Whether a poem can be well translated into prose." It cannot, he thinks; and very judiciously thinks so; because the melody of numbers is lost; because the poetical beauties "in a prose translation appear preposterous and out of place," as "they are never found in *an original prose composition*;" because, even in didactic poems, where "all that is strictly systematic or preceptive may be transfused with propriety, all the rest which belongs to embellishment, will be found impertinent and out of place;" and because, in Lyric poetry, "the excursive range of the sentiments, and the play of fancy, which we admire in the original, degenerates in the translation into mere raving and impertinence."

The Essayist now comes to his third general rule, "That the translation should have all the ease of original composition." This is very justly said to be "the most difficult part" of a translator's task. "How then shall a translator accomplish this?—To use a bold expression, he must adopt the very soul of his author, which must speak through *his own* [the word should be *his*] organs." The practice of this is exemplified in *epistolary* writing, from Mr. Melmoth's translation of Cicero's and Pliny's Epistles; and "Mr. Melmoth appears to me," he says, "to be a great model in this respect." The contrasts to this example are, Mr. Thomas Brown, "in whose translations from Lucian we have the most perfect ease, but it is the ease of Billingsgate and Wapping;" and Mr. Franklin, "who has given a faithful transcript of the sense of his author, but from an over-scrupulous fidelity has failed a little in point of ease."

In *poetry*, "it is less difficult to give to a poetical translation all the ease of original composition, than to give the same degree of ease to a prose translation, *because* "a superior degree of liberty is allowed to a poetical translator in amplifying, retrenching from, and embellishing his original." How far then is this liberty to be carried, even in *Lyric* poetry, "that which allows of the greatest liberty in translation?" "Instead of giving a general answer to this question," replies the Essayist, "I think it safer to give my opinion

upon particular examples." He accordingly cites three versions or imitations of three odes in Horace, by Lowth, by Dryden; and by Hughes. In the first "there is perhaps but a slight excess of that liberty which may be allowed to the translator of a lyric poet." The second "has no more licence than what is justifiable." And in the third, "the greatest part of the composition is a just and excellent translation."

But "while a translator endeavours to give to his work all the ease of original composition, the chief difficulty he has to encounter will be found in the translation of idioms or idiomatic phrases." The translation is perfect when "the translator finds in his own language an idiomatic phrase corresponding to that of the original." Of this several instances are given, from Cotton's version of Montaigne's Essays, from Eachard's of Terence, and from Sterne's of Slawkenbergius; as others are of the contrary from Eachard's translations of Terence and Plautus, and from M. Patra's translation of Cicero's oration for Archias. But when no corresponding idiom occurs, "the only resource is, to express the sense in plain and easy language," as Mr. Melmoth has done in two instances adduced from his Epistles of Cicero and Pliny. Yet "this resource must fail where the merit of the passage to be translated actually lies in that expression which is idiomatical;" as in two French passages here cited from Marot and Le Sage, which therefore cannot be translated at all.

For that reason "there is perhaps no book to which it is more difficult to do perfect justice in a translation than the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. As the Spanish language is in itself highly idiomatical, even the narrative part of the book is on that account difficult; but the colloquial part is studiously filled with idioms, as one of the principal characters continually expresses himself in proverbs." The two translations of *Don Quixote* by Motteux and by Smollet, are then compared with a view to this point, as the best that we have in the opinion of the Essayist. "Smollet's," he says, "is little better than an improved edition" of Jarvis's translation; and in both "there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of Motteux. Now Motteux, though he has frequently assumed too great a licence,

tence; both in adding to and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has upon the whole a very high degree of merit as a translator. In the adoption of corresponding idioms he has been eminently fortunate, and as in these there is no great latitude, he has in general pre-occupied the appropriated phrases; so that a succeeding translator who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have in general altered for the worse.—Smollet thus has produced a composition decidedly inferior on the whole to that of Motteux." This is shewn by a variety of passages. "On the whole I am inclined to think, that the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the novel of Cervantes; and that, if corrected in its licentious abbreviations and enlargements, and in some other particulars which I have noticed in the course of this comparison, we should have nothing to desire superior to it in the way of translation."

The Essayist then proceeds to infer from all, under some limitations, that "he only is perfectly accomplished for the duty of a Translator, who possesses a genius akin to that of the original Author;" and to say, "we shall observe invariably that the best Translators have been those writers who have composed original works of the same species with those which they have translated." This is proved by a reference to Ancients and Moderns. "The mutilated version which yet remains to us of the *Timæus* of Plato translated by Cicero, is a masterly composition, which, in the opinion of the best judges, rivals the merit of the original. A similar commendation cannot be bestowed on those fragments of the *Phænomena* of Aratus translated into verse by the same author; for Cicero's poetical talents were not remarkable: but who can entertain a doubt, that had time spared to us his versions of the *Orations* of Demosthenes and *Æschines*, we should have found them possessed of the most transcendent merit?" Among the Moderns, "Dryden, Pope, Addison, Rowe, Tickell, Pitt, Warton, Mason, and Murphy, rank equally high in the list of Original Poets, as in that of the Translators of Poetry." He then shews, however, that this is not true for dramatic poetry ("which, though of the same general character in all nations, will take a strong tincture of difference from the manners of

a country, or the peculiar genius of a people)," by the instance of Voltaire in translating the famous Soliloquy of Shakespeare; and some passages in *Hudibras*. What occasioned this with regard to the former, "was the original difference of his genius and that of Shakespeare, increased by the general opposition of the national character of the French and English. The genius of Voltaire was more akin to that of Dryden, of Waller, of Addison, and of Pope, than to that of Shakespeare." What occasioned it with respect to the latter, is, that "Voltaire, with a great deal of wit, seems to have had no talent for humorous composition." The Essayist, therefore, produces extracts from a French, and complete, version of the poem of "*Hudibras*, a very remarkable work, with the merits of which (as the book is less known than it deserves to be) I am glad to have this opportunity of making the English reader acquainted." The extracts are six in number. "These are sufficient to shew how completely this Translator has entered into the spirit of his original." And, "if the English can boast of any parallel to this in a version from the French, where the Translator has given equal proof of a kindred genius to that of his original, and has as successfully accomplished a task of equal difficulty, it is in the translation of *Rabelais*, begun by Sir Thomas Urquhart, and finished by Mr. Motteux, and lastly revised and corrected by Mr. Ozell."

We have thus taken the trouble to analyse this whole Essay from end to end, in order to shew it to our readers in all its constituent parts. But we have found the trouble a very agreeable one. We have been able to relish the work with a higher luxury. Indeed, it has grown upon us so much in credit and in dignity, as we have gone on analysing it, that we are almost inclined to think ourselves too hasty in opposing the licence which it gives a Translator to improve his original. We certainly conclude our review of the work with wonder at the variety of our Author's reading, with praise of the justness of his judgment and the elegance of his taste, and with applause of the modest yet manly, sober yet lively execution of the whole; and we hope the very ingenious writer, who is now standing, like *Æneas* in Virgil, with a cloud thrown around him by a modest Venus,

that he may view the reception which he is to meet in his new world of adventures, will now, like him, rejoice to find he is so handsomely and honourably received in his representations; and therefore, like him, will come speedily forward to the light, with his new grace and his fresh lustre upon him.

At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepfit,
Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit
amictu;

*Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere
posset,*

*Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere
causas.*

*His animum arrecti diēlis, et fortis
Achates,*

Et pater *Aeneas*, jamdudum erumpere
nubem [tes,

*Ardebant: prior Aeneam compellat Abba-
Nate Dea, quæ nunc animo sententia
furgit?* [ceptos.

Omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque re-

Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
*Scindit se nubes, et in æthera purgat
apertum.*

Restitit *Aeneas*, claraque in luce refulsit,
Os humerosque Deo similis; namque ipsa
decoram

*Cæsariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflārat honores.*

ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES, &c. OF DOCTOR JOHNSON,

FROM THE ADDITIONS TO THE SECOND EDITION OF BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON," JUST PUBLISHED.

PARTICULARS COMMUNICATED BY
MR. LANGTON.

BEAUCLERK having observed to him of one of their friends, that he was awkward at counting money, "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "I am likewise awkward at counting money. But then, Sir, the reason is plain; I have had very little money to count."

He had an abhorrence of affectation. Talking of old Mr. Langton, of whom he said, "Sir, you will seldom see such a gentleman, such are his stores of literature, such his knowledge in divinity, and such his exemplary life;" he added, "and, Sir, he has no grimace, no gesticulation, no bursts of admiration on trivial occasions; he never embraces you with an overacted cordiality."

Being in company with a gentleman who thought fit to maintain Dr. Berkeley's ingenious philosophy, that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind; when the gentleman was going away Johnson said to him, "Pray, Sir, don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist."

Goldsmith, upon being visited by Johnson one day in the Temple, said to him with a little jealousy of the appearance of his accommodation, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." Johnson at the same time checked him, and paid him a handsome compliment, implying that a man of his talents should be above attention to such dis-

tinctions—"Nay, Sir, never mind that. *Nil te quæsieris extra.*"

At the time when his pension was granted to him, he said, with a noble literary ambition, "Had this happened twenty years ago, I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabick, as Pockocke did."

As an instance of the niceness of his taste, though he praised West's translation of Pindar, he pointed out the following passage as faulty, by expressing a circumstance so minute as to detract from the general dignity which should prevail:

Down then from thy glittering *nail*,
Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre.

When Mr. Vesey was proposed as a Member of the Literary Club, Mr. Burke began by saying that he was a man of gentle manners. "Sir," said Johnson, "you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners; you have said enough."

The late Mr. Fitzherbert told Mr. Langton, that Johnson said to him, "Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to *act* one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

"My dear friend Dr. Bathurst (said he with a warmth of approbation) declared that he was glad that his father, who was a West-India Planter, had left his affairs in total ruin, because having no estate, he was not under the temptation of having slaves."

Richardson

Richardson had little conversation except about his own works, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said he was always willing to talk, and glad to have them introduced. Johnson, when he carried Mr. Langton to see him, professed that he could bring him out into conversation, and used this allusive expression, "Sir, I can make him *rear*." But he failed; for in that interview Richardson said little else than that there lay in the room a translation into German of his *Clarissa* *.

Once when somebody produced a newspaper in which there was a letter of stupid abuse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which Johnson himself came in for a share, "Pray," said he, "let us have it read aloud from beginning to end;" which being done, he with a ludicrous earnestness, and not directing his look to any particular person, called out, "Are we alive after all this satire!"

He had a strong prejudice against the political character of Secker, one instance of which appeared at Oxford, where he expressed great dissatisfaction at his varying the old established toast, "Church and King." "The Archbishop of Canterbury," said he (with an affected smooth smiling grimace), "drinks 'Constitution in Church and State.'" Being asked what difference there was between the two toasts, he said, "Why, Sir, you may be sure he meant something." Yet when the Life of that Prelate, prefixed to his sermons by Dr. Porteus and Dr. Stinton, his Chaplains, first came out, he read it with the utmost avidity, and said, "It is a Life well written, and that well deserves to be recorded."

Of a certain Noble Lord he said, "Respect him you could not; for he had no mind of his own. Love him you could not, for that which you could do with him, every one else could."

Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had one."

He told in his lively manner the following literary anecdote:—"Green and Guthrie, an Irishman and a Scotchman, undertook a translation of Duhalde's History of China. Green said of Guthrie, that he knew no English, and Guthrie of Green, that he knew no French; and these two undertook to translate Duhalde's History of China. In this translation there was found, "the twenty-sixth day of the new moon." Now as the whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days, the moon, instead of being new, was nearly as old as it could be. The blunder arose from their mistaking the word *new-moon*, ninth, for *nouvelle* or *nerve*, new."

On occasion of Dr. Johnson's publishing his pamphlet of "The False Alarm," there came out a very angry answer (by many supposed to be by Mr. Wilkes); Dr. Johnson determined on not answering it, but, in conversation with Mr. Langton, mentioned a particular or two, that if he *had* replied to it, he might perhaps have inserted.—In the Answerer's pamphlet it had been said with solemnity, "Do you consider, Sir, that a House of Commons is to the People as a Creature is to its Creator." "To this question," said Johnson, "I could have replied, that, In the first place, the idea of a CREATOR must be such as that he has a power to unmake or annihilate his creature. Then, it cannot be conceived that a creature can make laws for its CREATOR."

His profound adoration of the GREAT FIRST CAUSE was such as to set him above that "Philosophy and vain deceit," with which men of narrower conceptions have been infected.—"I have heard him strongly maintain that 'What is right is not so from any natural fitness, but because God wills it to be right;' and this is certainly true; because he has pre-disposed the relations of things so as that which he wills must be right." BOSWELL.

* A literary lady has favoured me with a characteristic anecdote of Richardson.—One day at his country-house at North-eal, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance, that he had seen his *Clarissa* lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman, "I think, Sir, you were saying something about"—pausing in a high flatter of expectation. The gentleman provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference, answered, "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day.

"Depend upon it," said he, "that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him, for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it."

"A man must be a poor beast that should *read* no more in quantity than he could *utter aloud*."

"Imlac, in 'Rasselas,' I spelt with a *c* at the end because it is less like English, which should always have the Saxon *k* added after the *c*. I hope the authority of the great Master of our language will stop that curtailing innovation by which we see critic, public, &c. instead of critick, publick, &c."

"Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived; for example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually: had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved."

He apprehended that the delineation of *Characters* in the end of the first Book of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" was the first instance of the kind that was known.

"Supposing," said he, "a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome; for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian Heresy."

"No man speaks concerning another, even suppose it be in his praise, if he thinks he does not hear him, exactly as he would if he thought he was within hearing."

"The applause of a single human being is of great consequence."—This he said to me with great earnestness of manner, very near the time of his decease, on occasion of having desired me to read a letter addressed to him from some person in the North of England; which when I had done, and he asked me what the contents were; as I thought being particular upon it might fatigue him, it being of great length, I only told him in general that it was highly in his praise, and then he expressed himself as above.

He mentioned with an air of satisfaction what Baretti had told him; that meeting, in the course of his studying English, with an excellent paper in

the *Spectator*, one of four that were written by the respectable Dissenting Minister Mr. Grove, of Taunton, and observing the genius and energy of mind that it exhibits, it greatly quickened his curiosity to visit our country; as he thought if such were the lighter periodical essays of our authors, their productions on more weighty occasions must be wonderful indeed!

He observed once, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, that a beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man*, though there should be no marks of wealth in his appearance, than from even a well-dressed *woman**; which he accounted for from the greater degree of carefulness as to money that is to be found in women; saying farther upon it, that the opportunities in general that they possess of improving their condition are much fewer than men have; and adding, as he looked round the company, which consisted of men only, "there is not one of us who does not think he might be richer if he would use his endeavour."

"*He may bold up that SHIELD against all his enemies*," was an observation on Homer (in reference to his description of the shield of Achilles), made by Mrs. Fitzherbert, wife of his friend Mr. Fitzherbert, of Derbyshire, and respected by Dr. Johnson as a very fine one. He had in general a very high opinion of that lady's understanding.

An observation of Bathurst's may be mentioned, which Johnson repeated, appearing to acknowledge it to be well-founded, namely, It was somewhat remarkable how seldom, on occasion of coming into the company of any new person, one felt any wish or inclination to see him again.

PARTICULARS COMMUNICATED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

JOHNSON thought the poems published as translations from Ossian, had so little merit, that he said, "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it."

He said, "A man should pass a part of his time with the laughers, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected." I observed, "He must have been a bold laughers who would have ventured to tell Dr.

* Sterne is of a direct contrary opinion. "The Mystery."

See his "Sentimental Journey," Article

Johnson of any of his particularities*.”

Having observed the vain ostentatious importance of many people in quoting the authority of Dukes and Lords, as having been in their company, he said, “He went to the other extreme, and did not mention his authority, when he should have done it, had it not been that of a Duke or a Lord.”

Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson, “that he wished for some additional members to the Literary Club, to give it an agreeable variety; for,” said he, “there can now be nothing new among us; we have travelled over one another’s minds. Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, “Sir, you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you.” Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing, that “when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable, because though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting.”

Johnson used to say, “that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could both as to sentiment and expression, by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy.” “The consequence of this,” Sir Joshua observes, “was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected.”

Yet though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination

of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson’s eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy: Dr. Johnson, perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that “it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the Justice’s swelling diction (smiling), so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained.”

Sir Joshua once observed to him, “that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together.” “No matter, Sir,” said Johnson, “they consider it as a compliment to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, Sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience †.”

Johnson’s dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, “Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?” “Why, Sir,” said John-

* I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out: Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him, “Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?”—“From bad habit,” he replied; “do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits.” This I was told by the young lady’s brother at Margate.

† The justness of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot: A country parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor: “He is a very good preacher,” was his answer, “but no *LATINER*.”

son, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of B. Chanan had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

And this brings to my recollection another instance of the same nature. I once reminded him that when Dr. Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, "Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" and I took the liberty to add, "My dear Sir, surely that was *foolish*."—"Why then, Sir," he replied, "you have never seen Brentford."

Though his usual term for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house with "a very pretty company;" and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, Sir, we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it in a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. "You know, Sir," said he, "that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him."

He gave much praise to his friend Dr. Burney's elegant and entertaining *Travels*, and told Mr. Seward that he had them in his eye, when writing his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."

Such was his sensibility, and so much was he affected by pathetic poetry, that, when he was reading Dr. Beattie's "Hermit" in my presence, it brought tears into his eyes.

He disapproved much of mingling real facts with fiction. On this account he censured a book entitled "Love and Madness."

Mr. Hoole told him, he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub-street. "Sir (said Johnson, smiling), you have been *regularly* educated." Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, "My uncle, Sir, who was a taylor;" Johnson, recollecting himself, said, "Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical taylor*.—He was of a club in Old-street, with me, and George Psalmanazar, and some others: but, pray, Sir, was he a good

taylor?" Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat;—"I am sorry for it (said Johnson), for I would have every man to be master of his own business."

In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authors, he often said, "Let you and I, Sir, go together and eat a beef-steak in Grub-street."

Sir William Chambers, that great architect, whose works shew a sublimity of genius, and who is esteemed by all who know him for his social, hospitable, and generous qualities, submitted the manuscript of his "Chinese Architecture" to Dr. Johnson's perusal. Johnson was much pleased with it, and said, "It wants no addition nor correction, but a few lines of introduction;" which he furnished, and Sir William adopted. The Honourable Horace Walpole, now Earl of Orford, thus bears testimony to this Gentleman's merit as a writer: "Mr. Chambers's 'Treatise on Civil Architecture' is the most sensible book, and the most exempt from prejudices, that ever was written on that science." Preface to "Anecdotes of Painting in England."

The introductory lines are these: "It is difficult to avoid praising too little or too much. The boundless panegyrics which have been lavished upon the Chinese learning, policy, and arts, shew with what power novelty attracts regard, and how naturally esteem swells into admiration."

"I am far from desiring to be numbered among the exaggerators of Chinese excellence. I consider them as great, or wise, only in comparison with the nations that surround them; and have no intention to place them in competition either with the ancients or with the moderns of this part of the world; yet they must be allowed to claim our notice as a distinct and very singular race of men; as the inhabitants of a region divided by its situation from all civilized countries, who have formed their own manners, and invented their own arts, without the assistance of example."

He said to Sir William Scott, "The age is running mad after innovation; all the business of the world is to be done in the new way; men are to be hanged in a new way: Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation."

It having been argued that this was an improvement,—“No, Sir,” said he eagerly, “it is *not* an improvement: they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators;—Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don’t answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?” I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had. Magistrates both in London, and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this, had too much regard to their own ease.”

Of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Johnson said to a friend; “Hurd, Sir, is one of a set of men who account for every thing systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you, that according to causes and effects, no other wear could at that time have been chosen.” He, however, said of him at another time to the same gentleman, “Hurd, Sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition.”

That learned and ingenious prelate, it is well known, published at one period of his life “Moral and Political Dialogues,” with a woefully whiggish cast. Afterwards, his Lordship having thought better, came to see his error, and republished the work with a more constitutional spirit. Johnson, however, was unwilling to allow him full credit for his political conversion. I remember when his Lordship declined the honour of being Archbishop of Canterbury, Johnson said, “I am glad he did not go to Lambeth; for, after all, I fear he is a Whig in his heart.”

Johnson’s attention to precision and clearness of expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of parentheses; and I believe in all his voluminous writings, not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases *the former* and *the latter*, having observed that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them. Nothing is more common than to mistake surnames when we

hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed, and which I wish were general.

Such was the heat and irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick, but scraped the joints of his fingers with a penknife till they seemed quite red and raw.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owned to him that “I was occasionally troubled with a fit of *narrowness*.”—“Why, Sir,” said he, “so am I; *but I do not tell it*.” He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred; as if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me: “Boswell, *lend me sixpence—not to be repaid*.”

This great man’s attention to small things was very remarkable. As an instance of it, he one day said to me, “Sir, when you get silver in change for a guinea, look carefully at it; you may find some curious piece of coin.”

Though a stern *true-born Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: “Sir,” said he, “two men of any other nation who are shewn into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity.”

Johnson was at a certain period of his life a good deal with the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdown, as he doubtless could not but have a due value for that nobleman’s activity of mind, and uncommon acquisitions of important knowledge, however much he might disapprove of other parts of his Lordship’s character, which were widely different from his own.

Maurice Morgan, Esq. author of the very ingenious "Essay on the Character of Falstaff *," being a particular friend of his Lordship, had once an opportunity of entertaining Johnson for a day or two at Wycombe, when its Lord was absent, and by him I have been favoured with two anecdotes.

One is not a little to the credit of Johnson's candour. Mr. Morgan and he had a dispute pretty late at night, in which Johnson would not give up, though he had the wrong side, and, in short, both kept the field. Next morning, when they met in the breakfasting-room, Dr. Johnson accosted Mr. Morgan thus: "Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night—you were in the right."

The other was as follows: Johnson, for sport perhaps, or from the spirit of contradiction, eagerly maintained that Derrick had merit as a writer. Mr. Morgan argued with him directly in vain. At length he had recourse to this device. "Pray, Sir," said he, "whether do you reckon Derrick or Smart the best poet?" Johnson at once felt himself roused, and answered, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea."

Once when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he said to me, "Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him, "Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir," said the other, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the great Twalmley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron†." The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to his Lordship, defended Twalmley, by observing, that he was entitled to the epithet of great; for Virgil in his group of worthies in the Elysian Fields—

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, &c.

mentions

Inventus aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

He was pleased to say to me one forenoon when we were left alone in his study, "Boswell (I think) I am ea-

sier with you than with almost any body."

He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying of him, "Sir, he was a Tory by chance."

His acute observation of human life made him remark, "Sir, there is nothing by which man exasperates most people more, than by displaying a superior ability or brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time, but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts."

Johnson was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection:

One day when dining at old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand, and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson with great warmth, "What he could mean by putting such a question to his niece?" "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of kings. He that believes in the divine right of kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of bishops. He that believes in the divine right of bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian Religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a whig, for *whiggism is a negation of all principle.*" He used to tell, with great humour, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years, which was literally true: "Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cechran) gave him a shilling on condition that he should pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that *Whigs of all nations are made the same way.*"

* Johnson being asked his opinion of this Essay, answered, "Why, Sir, we shall have the man come forth again; and as he proved Falstaff to be no coward, he may prove Iago to be a very good character."

† What the great Twalmley was so proud of having invented, was neither more nor less than a kind of box-iron for smoothing clothes.

THE AFRICAN SOCIETY.

THIS Society, which was so well founded with the ardour of inquisitive science, by Sir Joseph Banks, the late Sir William Fordyce, Lord Rawdon, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Beaufoy, &c. &c. have advanced with another progress, and compiled another Report.

The Report is printed, and distributed to the subscribers, and to them only. It is not published—of course is not to be bought. The title of the Report is,

“ELUCIDATIONS OF THE AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY, FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS OF MAJOR HOUGHTON AND MR. MAGRA, 1791. COMPILED IN 1793.”

The compilation, as it is modestly called, is performed with the same elegance and propriety as in the former Reports. They were written by Mr. Beaufoy—the present Report is by Major Rennell. The material passages are to the effect which follows:

The communications of Major Houghton and Mr. Magra contain some curious particulars relative to the river Niger. The one account was collected at Tunis, the other at Senegal. Both fix its course from West to East—both fix its course far westward from Tombuctoo.

The expectations of Major Houghton were, that the source, and even the navigable part of the river, would be found not far to the eastward of Bambock; and his information on which he forms this idea, communicates to his readers the same sort of expectation founded on evidence that is presumptive.

Major Houghton ascended the river Gambia to Fattatenda, near Medina. He struck to E. N. E. to Cacullo, in the route to Tombuctoo.

His computed distance by land was 150 road miles, for which, perhaps, 108 geographic miles, in direct distance, may be allowed.

The interval between Medina and Cacullo is new ground in geography! It differs in extent 27 miles from Danville's map of the Senegal and Gambia rivers, taking it for granted that Medina, which does not appear in any former map of this tract, is 26 miles from Fattatenda, and a few miles of the Gambia.

Cacullo is the fixed point where this

new Geography begins, seven or eight miles North of Sambanoura; its latitude is 13. 54. and so far not disagreeing from Danville. From the sea coast the distance is 400 geographic miles from the mouth of the Gambia on the West, and 370 from Sierra Leona on the S. S. W.

The longitude must rest on authorities much less sure—as the tracing of crooked rivers like those of Senegal and Gambia, and on caravan journeys, which, after the most laboured comparisons, must be vague; for the computations of the best travellers, Holford, Hunter, Carmichael, Capper, and Rennell, vary all the one from the other. The nearest probable allowance is well taken by Mr. B. at 14 geographic miles in a day.

Thus, therefore, reasoning or conjecturing for the longitude, Fort St. Joseph ought to fall at more than 40 geographic miles to the eastward of the position in the former map; and this is the more likely to be right, as it approaches the mean distance in the differences of the same geography, as laid down by Danville and Delisle.

Cacullo in Danville, and in the Travels of Labat, is deduced from Fort St. Joseph, and therefore must be moved further to the East.

There appears to be two routes from Medina in Woolles to Tombuctoo, with several branches in the northern, after passing Bambock and Fort St. Joseph; by one of these Major Houghton meant to have gone, viz. by that which leads to the Senegal river at Gajuga (the Jaga of Danville and Delisle), situated as much above Sambanoura as the last is above Medina. From Gajuga he would have passed by Saba and Boromia, and through Bambara to Tombuctoo. But he could not discover all the particulars of the route.

Two other branches of the northern route, used by the Slaves or Slave Merchants, are through Dramanet (native name, perhaps, for Fort St. Joseph), along the Red River by Jassnoo, Desut, Jago, Meffina, and Jennie—the last is the capital of Bambara in the Niger, twenty-five days navigation against the currents from Tombuctoo.

All these routes pass through the country of the Bambara.

A second route is across the river at Louton, near the falls of Fetou; through Capon to Bambara.

The Southern route was given to Major Houghton by Sambou, King of Bambouk, and is as follows :

From Fallulende on the Gambia, by Barraconde, to Ferbonne-Tenda, to Concoudon (in Delife), and to Gadon and Provence in the eastern quarter of Bambouk, where our knowledge on the map ends.

Gadon may be 100 miles E. by S. of Sumbanoure, and is in Danville and Labat. The remaining parts in this route are Badon, Tulega, Sago, Gamine, Sanfanding, Sahras, Irenu (capital of Bambaré), Tonkedo, and Tombuctoo.

Unfortunately no idea is given of the distances in these routes, or of the lines of directions, further than Major Houghton says, "the Toleba river runs from South to North, to Iccure, and then eastwardly to Tombuctoo."

It is probable that the route of the States or Slave Merchants, through Capon, may be to the northward of this direction.

Major Houghton's new guide told the King, he should be ninety days going to Tombuctoo and returning by Bambouk. This includes the time requisite for himself and his beasts, and therefore implies a distance of less than forty-five days, perhaps forty-two.

Ben Ali reports it to be forty-eight days from Fort St. Joseph, but he went circuitously by Jessur and Dessel; and the report of Major Houghton's guide is to be preferred to that of Ben Ali, who spoke on the fallible recollection of twenty years.

Jennie, or Genne (for Major Houghton and Mr. Magra spell it differently), occurs in N. and S. route.

It appears also, that though the navigation required twenty-five days against the stream to Jennie, the land journey might be performed in ten days. And thus a point is established on the Niger, ten land journeys to the South West of Tombuctoo.

Mafina, in the account of Major Houghton, and Masheena in Hasy Asifs (belonging to a large town on the same river, at ten days navigation above Tombuctoo), "a coincidence of names and positions certainly warranting," as the compiler well remarks, "some degree of confidence in the general scope of the intelligence."

Beyond Gadon the maps give no information; the interval, therefore, be-

tween Gadon and Jennie remain to be discussed.

The King of Bambouk informed Major Houghton, that Manding was beyond Gadon, viz. E. of it. It is the country of the Soufos in Danville. And the Major also learned, that there, or at Jennie, were decked vessels, in which he might embark, with the stream, to Tombuctoo. If this be so, the source of the Joliba, our Niger, cannot be far from the eastern frontier of Bambouk.

So far Major Houghton.

The date of his letters was July 15, 1791, from Ferbanna, the capital of Bambouk; April 27, 1791, was the letter before it.

FROM MR. MAGRA.

This is the substance of the Report, much of which came from the traveller Hasy Asifs, who had lived thirteen years at Tombuctoo; who had ascended the Niger through its whole navigable course. His intelligence is totally unconnected with Major Houghton's. He says, "The River is traceable to Bomacoo, thirty-eight journeys by water, against the stream, from Tombuctoo; that the country abounds with gold; that it is no more than twenty days journey from the English Settlements on the Coast; that the River springs from a high ridge of mountains; that in ascending the River the sun rose at the back of his head, and set in his face."

This shews a course with much wasting in it; yet as the clouds lay in the tropic, nothing can be inferred from it unless the season was known. But there can be little doubt the course of the River runs to the North East.

The distance between Tombuctoo and Bomacoo, seems too short to answer the interval between Tombuctoo and Bambouk. Thirty-eight days navigation against the current cannot be more than twenty-seven days caravan journeys in direct distance. And Hasy Asifs says, he went up the River to Jennie in twenty days, and he had gone the same distance by land in ten days.

Bambouk and Bomacoo are, not untenably, supposed to be the same.

Of the Senegal river, above the falls of Gouinia, no particulars are known, but that the route of the Slave Merchants is along its banks to Galama, which Danville places at 160 geographical miles

miles above Guinia; and Delisle, more reasonably, states at 40 miles.

About Galama, Danville thinks the River comes from the East—Delisle from East South East: each carries it clear of the supposed head of the Niger; but there is no authority to determine which is right.

Delisle also considered the space between Bambouk and Tombuctoo more contracted than the latter maps have made it. But, probably, here he was in extremes.

The country of Bambara, of which Jennie is the capital, occupies most of the river Niger to within six water journeys of its source. The River receives several streams from the West before Tombuctoo. There it divides into two streams, the smaller passing close to Tombuctoo, the main branch going to Houssa, a considerable city a few days journey from Tombuctoo.

Thus the source of the Niger is approached, and its course ascertained from West to East.

Major Houghton once thought that he might find in this River the remote source of the Nile, but it is improbable. The distance is 1800 geographic miles, in a direct line, from the source of the Niger to the influx of the White River. And yet more, that the Nile, after receiving such an accession of waters as the Niger, and its streams are collected in 1800 miles, that after all the Nile should not be a greater river than it is.

The river Niger is at its highest pitch in August, then swollen by periodical rains. The Nile also then is at its height. It would take a month for the waters of Tombuctoo to run into Egypt, and therefore the Nile must swell from the rains in Abyssinia, which fall periodically in July and August, and which are supposed to be carried off by the Nile.

The Seasons in this part of Africa are stated by Major Houghton to be curiously similar to the Indian Monsoons. The dry easterly winds end in April, then the South West breezes set in.—June 3d entered on the periodical rains, which ended in September.

Whether Houssa be a town or a country, is not ascertained. The di-

rection of the River from Tombuctoo is also not yet known. Whether it communicates with Bambouk and Houssa—whether its course is continuous, or whether there be an intervening lake, is not yet known; and through such an interval (700 miles) it must be impossible to guess.

The Merchants at Tunis told Mr. Magra, that Houssa was a country North of Tunis. Some said it was inhabited by Negroes, some by Arabs; but all agreed there was a region called Soussa to inhabit.

These positions do not contradict what have gone before on some leading geographical points in the Middle and Northern Africa. On the contrary, the positions of Castinah and Agadez, are rather confirmed by the communications from Mr. Magra, viz, Agadez, 976 geographical miles from Tunis, stands 995 on the map of the Association, 1790; and Castinah stands 1300 from Tunis, instead of 1230; a difference, Major Rennell thinks, not to be regarded in such an extent of distance. Godamscie is stated 352 miles from Tunis.

P. S. The last letter from Major Houghton was Sept. 1, 1791, written in pencil to Dr. Laidley, on the Gambia river. The characters in pencil were almost obliterated when it arrived; but it appeared that the Major was in good health, and had been robbed of all his goods.

The letter seems to be dated from Simbing: no such name appears in existing maps, or in the documents before the Association. If it may be supposed that the initial be obliterated, and that the word may have been Timbing, then it may answer to the Timbe of Danville, eight journeys short of Tombuctoo.

But this appears uncertain.

The communication of the Society is further enriched by two Charts, under the direction of Major Rennell.

1. A Sketch of the North Part of Africa,

2. A Sketch of Major Houghton's Track to Bambouk, his intended Route to Tombuctoo, and of the Slave Merchants from Gallen to Bambara.

D R O S S I A N A.

NUMBER XLIX.

ANECDOTES of ILLUSTRIOUS and EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES !

HAMLET.

(Continued from Page 184.)

SIR HENRY VANE, KNT.

THERE seems never, in the History of Mankind, to have been a more complicated character than that of Sir Henry Vane; so sagacious and resolute as to daunt and intimidate even Cromwell himself, yet so visionary and so feeble-minded, as to be a Seeker and Millenniist. His speech respecting Richard Cromwell is a master-piece of good sense and of eloquence. His writings on religious subjects are beneath contempt. His behaviour on the scaffold was dignified and noble, and he appears to have been executed in spite of the word of his Sovereign. The following Letter, which is now first printed, by the kindness of a nobleman to whom his country has the highest of all obligations, that of procuring for it the blessing of peace after a bloody and expensive War, may perhaps let a little light into Charles the Second's conduct respecting this extraordinary man, who was beheaded the day week after the letter was written. It was addressed to Lord Clarendon.

*Hampton-court, Saturday,
"Two in the Afternoon."*

"THE relation that has been made to me of Sir Henry Vane's carriage yesterday in the Hall*, is the occasion of this letter, which (if I am rightly informed) was so insolent, as to justify all he had done, acknowledging no supreme power in England but a Parliament, and many things to that purpose. You have had a true account of all, and if he has given *new occasion* to be hanged, certainly he is too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Think of this, and give me some account of it to-morrow, till when I have nothing to say to you.

"C."

CROMWELL.

This Usurper had by no means that savage ferocity, that spirit of universal desolation and ravage, which mark the present Revolutionists in France. He preserved the Records of this country from being destroyed by puritanical

and fanatical violence. He saved those celebrated works of the divine Raphael the Cartoons from being cut to pieces; and many of Charles's curiosities he saved from ruin. The fate of the statues of that unhappy Monarch, and of his predecessor James the First, that decorate Inigo Jones's beautiful screen at Winchester, was singular. They are of bronze, and were destined by Sir William Waller's soldiers to be melted down for cannon-balls. Some person in consequence being apprized of what was intended to be done with them, carried them off by night to Portsmouth, and buried them in a place in the sands near that town, which he distinctly marked. At the Revolution he dug them up and restored them to their original situation. Cromwell kept his political fanatics in order in their own way, for when one of them waited upon him, as he said, in the name of the Lord, to know the destination of one of his fleets, he told him, "My good friend, the Lord shall know, for thou shalt go with the fleet." He immediately stamped with his foot, and on the appearance of some soldiers, he told them to take away his inquisitive friend, and stow him in the hold of one of the ships that were then under sailing orders.

LORD BROGHILL,

Cromwell told this Nobleman that he should not have suffered Charles the First to have been tried, could he have trusted him. Lord Bolingbroke, according to the author of the *Richardsoniana*, told him, and he mentions the day and the year in which he told it to him, that Lord Oxford informed him, that he had seen an original letter of Charles the First to his Queen, in which he tells her, that though he had promised Cromwell a Dukedom and the Garter, that he did not intend to keep his promise with him, but when he was restored to give him a hempen (a halter) instead of a silken one." This

* Westminster-hall.

lester Cromwell discovered by means of one of his agents at the Bull and Gate Inn in Holborn, in the pummel of a saddle, and, after having discovered it, thought it advisable to keep no terms with a Prince who thought differently from that honour to kings and to mankind Louis the XIIth of France, who used to say, that if good faith was banished from the rest of the world, it should find a place in the heart of a King. Some one says wisely, "Take care how you promise; but after having promised, keep your word at any risque whatever to yourself." Were the contrary doctrine to become common in practice, who would ever do, or forbear to do, any thing in consequence of a promise? A most moral immoral writer and impolitic politician has lately started (for I really am convinced that he has the happiness of mankind both moral and political at his heart) who thinks that a promise, that most sacred engagement, is not to be performed if a greater good to *mankind in general* is to be procured by a breach of it. This Gentleman would do well to consider in the first place, that he may be certain of four things; in the first place, that he violates an engagement; in the second, that he makes himself a judge in his own cause; in the third, that he takes upon himself to anticipate the darkness and uncertainty of futurity; and in the fourth, that when he is known to teach such a doctrine, no one can ever confide in his promise.

SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER.

This source of the illustrious family that have reigned over this country for near a century, with such happiness to it, and such honour to themselves, is thus described by an English traveller in the year 1793:—"The Electress is seventy-three years of age, which she bears so wonderfully well, that had I not many vouchers, I should scarce dare venture to relate it. She has ever enjoyed extraordinary health, which keeps her still very vigorous, of a cheerful countenance, and merry disposition; the steps as firm and erect as any young lady, has not one wrinkle in her face, which is still very agreeable, nor one

tooth out of her head, and reads without spectacles, as I often saw her do letters of a small character in the dusk of the evening. She is *as great a worker* as Queen Mary (the wife of William the Third) was, and you cannot turn yourself in the palace without meeting some monuments of her industry, all the chairs of the Presence Chamber being wrought with her own hands. She is the most constant and greatest walker I ever knew, never missing a day (if it proves fair) to walk for one or two hours, and often more, in the fine garden of Herenhausen. She perfectly tires all those of her Court that attend her in that exercise, but such as have the honour to be entertained by her in discourse. She has been long admired by all the learned world*, as a woman of incomparable knowledge in divinity, philosophy, history, and the subjects of all sorts of books (of which she has a prodigious quantity). She speaks five languages so well, that by her accent it might be a dispute which of them was her first—they are Low Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English, which last she speaks as truly, and as easily as any native. But, indeed, the Electress is so entirely English in her person, in her behaviour, and in her humour, and all her inclinations, that she could not possibly miss of anything that belongs peculiarly to our England. She was ever glad to see Englishmen, long before the Act of Succession—the professes to admire our form of Government, and understands it well—she asks so many questions about families, customs, and laws, and the like, as sufficiently demonstrate her profound wisdom and experience. She is adored for her goodness amongst the inhabitants of the country, and gains the hearts of all strangers by her unparalleled affability. No distinction is ever made in her Court concerning the parties into which England is divided, and whereof they carry the effects and impressions wheresoever they go, which makes others sometimes uneasy as well as themselves. In her Court it is enough that you be an Englishman, nor can you ever discover by her treatment of them which are better liked, the Whigs or the Tories. These

* She was the favourite pupil of the celebrated Descartes. Christina Queen of Sweden was jealous of her superior understanding, and was continually reproaching that Philosopher with paying more attention to, and having more regard for, the Electress Sophia than for herself.

are the instructions given to all her servants, and they take care to execute them with the utmost exactness. I was the first who had the honour of kissing her hand on account of the Act of Succession, and she said, amongst other things, that she was afraid the nation had already repented of the choice of an old woman, but that she hoped none of her posterity would give them any reason to be weary of their dominion."

The Electress wrote to King William, requesting him not to pass by in her favour the House of Stuart. This letter, with several other very curious letters and papers, was burnt by the fire at Kensington Palace.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

The following account of this excellent Prince was given by the celebrated Mr. Toland in 1705. "The Elector George Louis was born in the year 1660. He is a middle-sized, well-proportioned man, of a genteel address, and good appearance. He is not much addicted to any diversion except hunting. He is reserved, speaks little, but judiciously. He understands our Constitution the least of any foreigner I ever knew, and though he is well versed in the art of war, and of invincible courage, having often exposed his person to great dangers in Hungary, in the Morea, on the Rhine, and in Flanders, yet he is naturally of very peaceable inclinations. He is a perfect man of business, exactly regular in the economy of his revenues, reads all dispatches himself at first hand, and writes most of his own letters. I need give no more particular proof of his frugality in laying out the public money, than that all the expences of his Court (as to eating, drinking, fire and candles, and the like) *are duly paid every Saturday night*. The Officers of his army receive their pay every month, as likewise his Envoys in every part of Europe and all the Officers of his Household, with the rest that *are on the Civil List, are cleared off every half year*." This Prince understood English so ill, that the only method of communication between him and one of his Ministers, who could not speak French, was in bad Latin. On coming to the Crown of England he, like a wise King, told his Ministers, that as he knew very little of the Constitution and customs of England, he should put himself entirely in their hands, and be governed by them. "Then," added he, "you

become completely answerable for every thing that I do."

CARDINAL ALBERONI.

This extraordinary man's rise from a poor country Curate to a Prince of the Church, and Prime Minister of a great country (that of Spain), arose from the gratitude of a person to whom he had rendered some essential service. Campestron the Poet, Secretary to the Duke of Vendome, Commander of Louis the XIVth's armies in Italy, was stripped near Parma by some ruffians, and robbed of every thing he had, to his very cloaths. Alberoni, whose cure was in the neighbourhood, hearing of the distress of this ingenious Frenchman, took him to his house, gave him some of his own clothes, and sent him away with a little money in his pocket, which he could very ill spare. M. de Vendome's march soon afterwards laying near Alberoni's parish, Campestron presented him to that General as a person to whose benevolence and liberality he had been so highly indebted. Vendome paid him many compliments for his kindness to his Secretary, and, being pleased with Alberoni's manner and conversation, invited him to follow him as one of his Secretaries. To this Alberoni very readily consented, and in the course of his connection with his patron, he was found to be a man of such talents and understanding, that the Duke recommended him to be Minister from the Court of Parma to that of Spain. In this situation he made the celebrated match of the Princess Elizabeth Farnese with the King of Spain, and was by his Mistress's protection made Prime Minister of that kingdom. With certain generous and noble minds, a kindness received is never forgotten; and they seem to possess a constant and watchful desire to emulate it. A literary Gentleman now in England possesses his estate in America by an effort of this kind. His estate was on the point of being confiscated as an English subject during the late unfortunate American war; a day was even appointed for the purpose, if nothing in favour of the preservation of it was adduced before that time. A Clergyman to whom he had when in England rendered some essential service, and who by means of his interference with the patron was comfortably settled upon a living in a province at a

great distance from that in which this transaction was carrying on, hearing by accident of the danger in which his friend's property was, immediately took horse, and rode day and night, just arriving in time to prove, to the satisfaction of the Court of Claims, that his Friend, from certain peculiarity of circumstances, was not an English subject, and that of course his estate was not liable to be confiscated.

PASCAL.

This honour to the French nation, whom no one will suspect of being too much seduced by the pomp and magnificence of Courts and of the great, says, in one of his detached thoughts, "*Il est nécessaire qu'il y ait de l'inégalité parmi les hommes.*" The persons who, from carelessness and want of something to do, tell what one person says of another, would do well to meditate this thought of that great man: "*Tous les hommes se puissent naturellement. Je mets en fait que s'ils savoient exactement, ce qu'ils se disent les uns des autres, ils n'y auroient pas quatre amis au monde.*" As for malignant persons, they will be but too happy in having the probability of the success of their intentions confirmed by the opinion of this learned and acute Frenchman. Pascal adds, indeed, in confirmation and corroboration of his position, that persons have only to look into the world to see what quarrels arise from these indifferent or mischievous relations. The Greeks wrote over the door of their banqueting rooms, "*No King without;*" that is, let nothing that has passed confidentially within this room in conversation, be mentioned out of it. Pascal says, "there is great vanity in an author's calling his book *Mon Livre*." He says, that "in general a book consists of so much from many authors, that its author should call it *our book* — *notre livre*." Had he lived in this age of compilation and transfusion, he would have exclaimed with greater violence against the conceit and vanity of writers.

REV. MR. MASON.

THE learned and ingenious author of "*Elfrida*," possesses, amongst many other elegant qualifications, an extremely fine taste for Music. He is Precentor of the Cathedral of York, and has published for the use of that

Church a Collection of Anthems, selected with great taste and judgment, to which he has prefixed a very well-written and instructive Essay upon Cathedral Music. The Collect of "*Lord of all Power and Might*" has been made an exquisite Anthem by Mr. Mason, and is occasionally sung in his Cathedral. A very ingenious Musician of York, the son of Mr. Camidge, Organist of the Cathedral, has composed a very fine Te Deum, in four parts, after Mr. Mason's ideas of composition for Church Music, which is occasionally made use of in the Choir of York. Mr. Mason says in his Preface to his Collection of Anthems—"I engaged a young person perfectly well-grounded in the rules of composition, and of promising abilities as a Composer, to attend to me for some time whilst I repeatedly read to him one of the shortest of these Hymns, with all the care and accuracy with respect to accent and pause that I was capable of; and when he had got a complete sentence in his head, to write down on a single line, with the common musical characters, a variety of minims, crotchets, and quavers, equivalent to the tone of my pronunciation, either in Common or in Triple Measure, as he found most convenient. The novelty of the attempt was a little embarrassing at first, but it soon became sufficiently easy to him, and proceeding sentence after sentence, he produced on paper, with much exactitude, the musical time, in notes, rests, and bars, of the whole Hymn according to my recitation. The ground-work (as I may call it) of the musical structure being thus adjusted, I told him, this was the foundation on which he was to proceed to the composition of a new service, that he was to observe all the dimensions precisely, and neither lengthen nor shorten a single note, or vary a single rest, in the whole of the melody, and that his harmony also must proceed under the same strict limitations."—The last edition of Mr. Mason's elegant little book is 1782, 12mo. printed by A. Ward.

REV. MR. SEWARD,

the Editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the father of the celebrated Poet's of his name, published in 1775 a Defence of the established Church of England, in a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Peculiars belonging to

the Dean and Chapter of Litchfield. It is addressed to Sir William Meredith, who in early life was a friend of Mr. Seward's, and who had patronized the Petition from the Feathers Tavern in favour of the Abolition of all Subscription to the Articles. Mr. Seward says in one part of his Charge, "You see with what a deluge of Atheism, Deism, Popery, and all manner of Heresy, these petitioning Ministers would overwhelm us, if they could break down those legal mounds and ramparts which our Fathers have raised against them. Should their scheme take effect, that Church, which like the garment of our Lord is *seamless*, and uniform as our learned and pious Reformers were able to weave it, would be torn into a thousand pieces, and become a mere *patch-work* of incongruity, discord, and confusion." The only speech that the Hon. Mr. Fitzmaurice, brother to the Marquis of Lansdown, ever made in the House of Commons, was against the Petition. It was an excellent one, and received by the House with great marks of approbation. Mr. Dunning complimented him very highly upon it.

REV. DR. TUCKER,
DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

THE only time that this excellent man appeared upon the Bench of Justices at Gloucester, was many years ago, when we were threatened with a scarcity of Corn. His Brethren of the Commission were extremely anxious to put the Laws in force against Forestallers, Badgers, and Regrators of Corn, as they are called. "Why, Gentlemen," said the Dean, with his usual acuteness, "how can you expect to have any Corn at all, if you mean to punish the only persons perhaps that will bring you any?" This observation had its effect, and Gloucester Markets were supplied with Corn.—The Dean's great principle about Trade and Commerce is, that they will ever find their level; that what commodities are wanted, and can be paid for, will always be had; that a Nation will always go to the best and cheapest Market for what they have occasion for; and that neither political friendship nor enmity have any thing to do with these matters, but that they are regulated by utility and convenience. It has been long said, That a

Prophet is without Honour in his own Country. This, however, our venerable Dean experienced not to be always true; for when he attended this Summer the Infatuation of the Duke of Portland at Oxford, he was, on every one of the three days of that Ceremony, received; on going out of the Theatre in procession with his Brother Doctors, with the loudest acclamations for the truth and sagacity of those predictions he made respecting the late unfortunate American War; though, indeed, like Cassandra, the celebrated Prophetess of old, he was not attended to till the events shewed the certainty of his predictions. A print was some time ago made of the Dean with this motto from Virgil.

——— *Fatis aperit Cassandra futuris*
Ora (Dei jussu), non unquam credita
Tecuris.

Cassandra sacred inspiration feels;
And to sad Troy futurity reveals;
The Nation blinded by the Fates decreed,
In her wise Oracles no prescience sees.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

It seems astonishing, that in a country so abounding with Scholars and Men of Sense as England is, there should be so few good Epitaphs. That upon the learned Bishop Warburton in Gloucester Cathedral, contains a word improperly made use of, and a vulgarism.

To the Memory
of Wm. Warburton, D. D.
For more than xix Years
Bishop of this See.

A Prelate
of the most sublime Genius and exquisite
Learning,
Both which Talents *
he employed, thro' a long life,
in the support of (what he firmly be-
lieved)
the Christian Religion;
and in what he esteemed the best esta-
blishment of it,
The Church of England.

Dr. Johnson, in some of the early sheets of his Edition of Shakespeare, was inclined to treat Warburton's Notes upon that Author very roughly. At the solicitation of Mr. Tonson and Mr. Miller, the sheets that contained any abuse upon the Bishop's Notes were cancelled.

* Talent, gift, quality. JOHNSON.—Learning is an acquirement.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 23.

MR. MIDDLETON, who five years ago performed at Covent-Garden, appeared at that Theatre in the character of Orhelo. Since his leaving London he is considerably improved, but is still at a great distance from excellence.

OCTOBER 1. *The Children in the Wood*, 2 musical piece of two acts, by Mr. Rose, author of "The Prisoner" and "Caernarvon Castle," was acted the first time at the Haymarket. The characters as follow:

Sir Oliver Alford,	Mr. Barrymore
Lord Alford,	Mr. Dignum
Apathy,	Mr. Suett
Gabriel,	Mr. Benson
Walter,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Lady Alford,	Miss De Camp
Josephine,	Mrs. Bland
Walter's mother,	Mrs. Booth.

This piece, as its title shews, is founded on the old familiar English Story of the Children in the Wood, with such deviations from the narrative as serve to render it dramatic and fit for the Stage. It has been suggested that a piece on this subject has already appeared on the Stage at Paris: of this however, at present, we have no means of ascertaining the fact. The present performance is interesting, and the serious and comic are happily blended. The Children, contrary to the old story, are here saved, a circumstance highly gratifying to sensibility, and the audience appeared to give the alteration their sanction. The music is by Dr. Arnold, and the performers, particularly Mr. Bannister, jun. deserved the approbation they met with.

3. The Theatres are, or should be loyal; the Proprietors of Covent-Garden, therefore, took the earliest opportunity this evening of exhibiting to the eye of the public, what the public will always receive with exultation, a representation of the taking possession of Toulon by the English powers. This spectacle was introduced into Harlequin's Chapel.

4. A young lady, who is said to be a sister of Mrs. Gibbs, appeared, the first time on any Stage, at the Haymarket, in the character of Yarico, in *Inkle and Yarico*. This is a part of peculiar difficulty, from the impression made on the public by the excellent performance of Mrs. S. Kemble in that character. The new candidate was not without merit, but time only can determine in what rank she is to be classed.

7. Mrs. Leicester appeared, the first time on that Stage, at Covent-Garden, in the character of the Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*.—

This lady appears to be a Veteran of the Stage, intended as the successor of Mrs. Pitt in that range of characters usually personated by those who have passed the heyday of life.

8. *The School for Arrogance*, a Comedy by Mr. Holcroft, (See Vol. XIX. p. 145.) compressed into three acts by the author, was performed at Covent-Garden. The broad humour of this piece renders it more fit for Farce than a regular Comedy. In the present reduced state it affords an agreeable entertainment, though the developing and winding up the plot appear rather confused. Mr. Holman played Mr. Lewis's character with spirit and effect.

9. Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet was exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre in a style altogether new, but with a degree of attention and splendour that reflected the highest credit on the Manager. The characters were all dressed in rich and appropriate fashion, and in a manner suited to the custom of the country where the action of the play is laid. The scenery was selected with taste, and so adapted as to give the whole representation an air of great propriety and magnificence.

The play was got up in order to introduce Miss Poole (a Lady whose vocal powers have been for some time known to the Public) to the stage, in the character of Ophelia, which her figure, as well as vocal talents, rendered extremely proper to make the subject of her *entré*. Considering her as a theatrical novice, she played the scenes antecedent to her madness in a promising manner. She must correct a little redundancy of action with her hands, and, with practice, she may soon become a very respectable performer. In the scenes in which she is under the influence of a deranged mind, her singing had a powerful effect, especially in the old song of *Mad Bess*, which, though somewhat too long for the stage during the progress of a play, was listened to not only with patience but pleasure. She sung it admirably.

Among the novelties of the night was an alteration of the manner of introducing and exhibiting the two portraits alluded to so finely by Hamlet, in his remonstrance scene with his mother. The figure of the poisoned Prince, the former King of Denmark, and precedent Lord of Gertrude, was presented in a half-length painting, as large as life, hung over the chimney of the Queen's chamber or closet, and she wore a large-sized miniature of her existing husband, as a bracelet, on her arm. This certainly was an improvement, and much more natural and affecting than the old method of Hamlet's drawing two portraits

traits in small out of his waistcoat pocket, which gave the whole the appearance of a studied device on the part of Hamlet, and by no means conveyed the beautiful and interesting effect of his being provoked to the comparison by an accidental sight of the two portraits in the same room.

Another addition to the representation was a solemn dirge, finely composed by Mr. Shield, and introduced in the fifth act.

Mr. Munden in Polonius, with singular impropriety, substituted *beatified* for *beautified*, in reading the superscription to Hamlet's letter to Ophelia.

10. *Royal Clemency*; or, *The Deserter of Naples*, a pantomime ballet, formerly acted at the Royalty Theatre, was revived at the Haymarket for the purpose, it may be presumed, of exhibiting the powers of Mrs. Gibbs to advantage. In this character she was singularly successful at the Royalty Theatre, and her present performance was not inferior to the former.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS TAYLOR, AT HER
MOTHER'S BENEFIT,
At the THEATRE-ROYAL, NORWICH.

MAY I, with leave, one moment here intrude
To pay my mite of humble gratitude?

'Tis filial gratitude,—that heav'nly boon!—
A mother's thanks are added to my own.

But six short years have pass'd swift o'er }
my head }
In life's gay morn :—an early age indeed, }
For public favour and applause to plead ; }
But bold ambition urges me along,
And filial fondness prompts the grateful
tongue :

The heart is youth's, a stranger to disguise,
And from that purest source our thanks arise.

When in the genial spring, the gaudy rose
Early it's bathful beauties shall disclose,
With anxious care the smiling bud you tend,
And to it's op'ning sweets assistance lend ;
From the chill frost and chiding winds you guard

The promis'd bounty of your hopeful ward ;
Success attends the labour you assume,
And time matures a full and fragrant bloom.

E'en thus, the early Novice on the Stage
An equal care and favour must engage,
Ere the just-op'ning powers can blow mature,
And season's changes unimpair'd endure.
Oh then ! let candour smile upon my cause,
And grant that fostering sunshine,—YOUR
APPLAUSE.

P O E T R Y.

THE MAIL COACH,

A POEM,

By JOSEPH MOSER.

SAYS Johnny Hopkins to his wife,
“ My dear, I just am told
“ My Lord's at Bath, and, on my life,
“ I'll go and touch the gold.
“ For I full well do know my Lord
“ Will pay me if he's able ;
“ To say a peer could break his word,
“ I al ways thought a fable.
“ So as you know that matters call,
“ And I must haste away ;
“ To Bath I'll go, or stand or fall,
“ For long I cannot stay.
“ Then pack me in a parcel strait,
“ My suit of buff and blue ;
“ Some shirts—(make haste, I shall be late)
“ And eke my Sunday queue.”

Myself and trunk now plac'd in hack,
Away for Piccadilly ;
If Mail was gone, and I turn'd back,
I shou'd look devilish silly.

So now we pass St. James's-street,
The clock is striking seven,
The hour that here to dine they meet,
They drink tea at eleven.

The White-horse Cellar is in sight,
And there we meet the Mails ;
They put us in, and ram us tight,
Legs, bodies, heads, and tails.

Of passengers we carry four,
Besides a child on knees ;
One woman weigh'd about twelve score,
So judge how blest were we.

But I am anxious for to go,
And grumble at delay :
The door claps to, gee-up, gee-ho,
And do we whiz away.

Through Brentford town we whirl along ;
It rains, the roads are bad ;
The carriage cracks—(I hope 'tis strong)
They fly as they were mad.

Jolt goes the coach, we make a stop,
We all call out amain ;
“ Only a man fell off the top ;
“ He'll soon get up again.”

O'er Hounslow on to Slough they drive,
Darkness around us spread;
So there we rest for minutes five,
And then to Maidenhead.

The town we leave without regret,
But made of fate the scoff;
For by a jolt our guard's o'er-set,
And fires his pistol off.

Across the coach the bullet flies,
And I the night shall rue;
It hits my trunk that forward lies,
And wounds my buff and blue.

The child and women loudly roar,
The coachman makes a clatter;
The people run behind, before,
To see what is the matter.

No harm is done, our fright is past,
So off we set again.
To Reading we are come at last,
Through storms of wind and rain.

But here we must not stop the least,
Quick travelling's the fashion;
The larder's shewn like Sancho's feast,
Which puts me in a passion.

Hungry and cold, and dark and dull,
O'er Reading's streets we rumble;
With stomachs empty, carriage full,
At one another grumble.

My neighbour said, "I think, I'm right,
"To wish the patentee,
"Upon this stormy, dreary night,
"Was here instead of me.

"I well remember years ago
"We spoke to an attorney,
"And made our wills, for then, you know,
"To Bath was a week's journey.

"Through humour of the present day,
"Enforc'd by higher powers,
"We're taken up, and whiff'd away
"Within a dozen hours."

My friend's reflection is cut short,
The coach is at a stand:
Out pop our heads, the horses snort,
Where are we? Speenhamland.

The child and female's journey end,
While we are call'd to action:
Eight minutes we in drinking spend,
Much to our satisfaction.

In coach we're forc'd to take our seat,
Too cross for me to rhyme:
We paid for what we might have eat,
If they had given us time.

Howe'er, now we're alone quite pleas'd
My worthy neighbour Grampus:
Says he, "I know when stomach's squeez'd,
"Twill take but little compass.

"Oft have I seen a lovely girl,
"At Bath, her charms to shew,
"And captivate some duke or earl,
"If it shall happen so,

"Apply to famous Lucy Drew,
"Or other wights that please her;
"With stays her Grecian shape to screw,
"And into fashion squeeze her.

"I'm sure I oft have fear'd, at ball,
"When twirl'd to notes of fiddle,
"If the shou'd chance to get a fall,
"She'd break off in the middle."

But, hark! the coachman's whip goes crack,
And blows he's quickly dealing:
He thinks the whip and horses' back
Have equal sense of feeling.

We now have flown through Hungerford,
And Marlborough Forest past;
My neighbour he ne'er spoke a word,
Pray Heav'n this silence last.

I nodded—he did just the same;
We both were fast asleep;
Up went the coach, and down we came
Soue where the road was deep.

The man on box, the coachman, guard,
(Sure it was done by witch)
And eke us two from innerward,
All landed in the ditch:

And, what was worse, we could not see
To put affairs to rights,
For though not greatly hurt were we,
Extinguish'd were the lights.

Another coach, by great good luck,
Close to us now appear'd;
They help'd us out from where we stuck,
And our afflictions cheer'd.

Our fallen troops we muster'd strait,
And found that out of five,
Though two were wounded on the pate,
We all were left alive.

Dispirited, to Marlborough Mount
We're dragg'd, with bruised crupper:
The day has dawn'd, I breakfast want,
Because I eat no supper.

But I'm to fast condemn'd by fate,
Which gives me great concern:
We mount again at Castle Gate,
And so proceed to Calne.

Proud Seymour's Palace we pass by,
I own 'twould make me grin,
Could he but know, like you and I,
'Tis turn'd into an inn.

To ugly Calne we came at last,
And without broken bones:
How pleasant was the way we pass'd,
'Twixt two high walls of stones.

And as we through the town did ride,
It gave me great delight
To see the houses lean aside,
And striped black and white.

But we've no time to look about—
Another stage, O dear!

We're in again as soon as out;
To Chippenham we steer.

Not us'd through chalky roads to dash,
I'm sure it made me stare,
Our four black tits, at every splash,
Look'd like the panther mare.

We leave the Angel in the rear,
I'm glad we leave the street,
For reasons I sha'n't mention here,
I scarce can keep my seat.

The Abbey Tow'rs are now in sight,
Them I had long my eye on;
We leave St. Michael's on the right,
And land at the White Lion.

Tir'd, cold, and hungry, vex'd, and pale,
I'm glad to see the town:
When next I venture in the Mail,
May it again break down.

But I must on my business go
(To wealth the ready path);
I send the waiter, for to know
Where lives my Lord at Bath.

Ah! listen to my sad mischance,
I fear I am quite undone;
Some say, My Lord is sail'd for France,
And some, He's gone to London.

So now my journey is compleat,
And I have come as soon,
As little slept, as little eat,
As if in air-balloon.

To Palmer many thanks I owe
For his most rare invention;
My bones will ache from top to toe,
Where'er his name they mention.

May he (to wish it is no sin)
When he to Bath approaches,
Be pummel'd just as I have been
By one of his Mail Coaches.

GOOD COUNSELL

FOR LADYES AND GENTLEMEN TO DE-
PART THE CITTIE, ACCORDING TO
HIS MAJESTIE'S PROCLAMATION.

By King JAMES the FIRST.

YEE women that doe London love so well,
Whome scarce a proclamation can expell,
And to be kept in fashion, fine and gaye,
Care not what fines your honest husbands paye,
Who dreame on nought but visitts, masques,
and toyes,
And thinke the cuntry contributes noe joyes;

Be not deceived, the cuntry's not soe bare
But if you trading lack, there's ware for ware;
Or if you musick lack, knowe ev'ry spring,
Both nitingals and cuckooe there doe singe.
Your compleat gallant, and your proper man,
Are not confined to Fleet-street or the Strand.
But you have noble spirits, then doe not doe
Noe ill, nor any thing that longs thereto.
Cesar would have an honest woman be
Not only chaste, but from suspicion free;
Which you that sojorne heare can hardly shun,
You must soe manie dangerous hazards run:
For, save some fewe, that heare are full of
grace,

The world hath not a more deboshed place.
Your owne propension sins enough contrives,
Without th' excesse of towne provocatives.
Therefore depart in peace, and looke not back,
Remember Lott's wife ere you suffer wrack
Of fame and fortune, which you may re-
deeme,

And in the cuntry live in goode esteeme.
Ladies of honour grace the court, I grant,
But 'tis noe place for vulgar dames to haunt.
The country is your orbe and proper sphere;
Whence your revenyes rise bestowe them
there.

Convert your coaches to the thrifty plough;
Take knowledge of your sheep, your corne, and
cowe;

And think it not disparadgment or tax
To acquaint your fingers with the wool and
flax,

Whereof examples are not far to seeke,
When noble princes oft have done the like.
Your husbands will as kindly you imbrace
Without your jewells or your painted face:
And there your childreene you may educate,
As well as those that French and Spanish prate;
Visit the sick and needy; and for playes,
Play the good huswife; waste not goulden
dayes

In wanton pleasures, which doe ruinate,
Insensibly, both honer, wealth and state.
Doo't of your selves, shortly the Spanish dames
Frugallitie will teach yow to your shames;
And then noe thanks, for if it come in fashion,
Yow wilbe servile apes to every nation.
And yow, good men, 'tis best to gett yow
hence,

Least honest Adam payes for Eve's offence.

✍ The above is transcribed from a manu-
script copy as old, to all appearance, as the
year 1620; about which time it is presumed
to have been written: the proclamation al-
luded to, if preserved, or mentioned by any
historian, will give the exact date. It is
ascribed to the sovereign himself upon the
credit of an indorsement on the original, which
intitles it "Varies of the kinge macking."

TRANSLATION OF "PAX BELLO"
POTIOR,"A LATIN POEM, IN THE EUROPEAN
MAGAZINE FOR JULY 1793.PEACE MORE DESIRABLE THAN
WAR.

GRANT us, O God! great Ruler of the
Skies! [crease,
That which our love to thee will much in-
The source from which life's choicest trea-
sures rise, [Peace.
The first of human blessings,—heav'n-born

Beneath her shade Science her views extends,
Cities and people with their laws improve;
Justice, her sister Virtue's rights defends,
And reigns with them in dignity and love.

But where mad War is, thence no good can
spring, [lies;
The Laws grow dumb, Religion dormant
Probity feels, alas! a venom'd sting,
Droops her fair form, and disregarded dies.

May Heaven favour this our native land,
Each social blessing may her sons enjoy;
May George with golden Peace reign hand in
hand,

His power of doing good with zeal employ.
Ipswich. W. R. N.

ANOTHER.

PEACE PREFERABLE TO WAR.

GOD grant us joyful Peace, our choicest
treasure,
She gives to Life fair Study's worthy leisure,
And wakes thy holy fear, with chasten'd plea-
sure

Mildly combining.
The Arts around her fecund bosom clinging,
View Justice flourish, peopled cities springing,
And Piety, each moral Virtue bringing,
In honour shining.

Where War appears Integrity is blasted,
Law overthrown, Religion's joy untasted,
While Probity flies, trembling, sad and wasted,
Midst desolation.

Long may our Monarch live, his country loving,
With golden Peace thro' all her vassals moving,
And Heav'n itself like Briton's sons approving,
Hail! happy nation.

Ipswich.

E. C.

SHORT HINTS,

ADDRESS TO A FRIEND, ON HIS IN-
TENTION OF WRITING A NOVEL.

Dear Thomas,

IN your last you mention,
"To write a novel's your intention:"

'Twill be a friendly act in me
To send you a rare recipe.

Seated in form, it is your duty
First, to describe your heroine's beauty.

"Rather above the middle size,"
With auburn hair, and sparkling eyes;
A Grecian nose—a dimpled chin—
One pouting lip—the other thin:
Her face, I think, must oval be—
Her teeth like pearl or ivory—
Her shape of truest symmet y.
Thus finish'd in each limb and feature,
She's a most lovely, charming creature!

Now for your hero—graceful—tall—
And dances sweetly at a ball—
In person manly—warm in temper—
In polish'd manner—*idem semper*:
Whether he claps his neighing steed,
Or takes up some new book to read,
Still grace and elegance are seen
In voice, in action, and in mien.
His courage must to all be known,
And *publicly* it must be shewn:
A duel therefore be your care—
To fire his pistol in the air:
By no means this grand point neglect—
It always has a fine effect!

To th' object of her fond affection
Her father must have strong objection;
No matter whether wife or not—
It serves to carry on the plot!

Be sure your lady's maid be clever,
Or else the fair-one's lost for ever:
So much depends on this same lass,
No good without her comes to pass.

Whenever, Thomas, you intend
Your heroine from town to send,
When days are longer grown, and hotter,
Some place of note you must allot her:
(Three in a moment I can name,
Brightelmstone, Weymouth, Sheltenham.)
But mind, 't would be a horrid bore,
Not to allow a coach and four:
This satisfies all folks of sense
That she's of rank and consequence!

Should she a fav'rite book peruse,
Some fashionable author chuse—
(And 'tis a solecism in breeding,
If she's not *sometimes* fond of reading:)
No matter, if to wit or sense
The work has not the least pretence;
'Tis now become a standing rule,
To chuse a fashionable fool.

If properly attended to,
These few short hints, dear Tom, will do:
Sit down, my friend, without delay—
Take pen and ink, and dash away.

HORATIO.

Brentingby, Sept. 25, 1793.

AN OFFICER'S ADDRESS TO HIS
DAUGHTER,ON RECEIVING ORDERS TO JOIN HIS
REGIMENT ABROAD.A DIEU, fond maid! my lovely child fare-
well,

On thy fair form no longer can I dwell;
My country calls, the voice of honour cries,
And who but cowards such a voice denies?
From days of joy, from festive scenes of mirth,
To which thy presence always gave new birth,
I turn—depart I must—with anxious heart,
Enduring all the pangs of parent's part;
To feel emotions not to be describ'd,
Prevailing passions! yet to some deny'd.
Torn from thee, sole and dearest pledge of love!
My spirits fail me, and my courage prove.
I leave thee, Anna, full of grace possess'd,
In manners gentle, and with knowledge blest;
Beautiful as the rose in sweetest bloom,
Rearing its head through thorny briars' gloom.
In ev'ry art compleat thou dost appear;
In candour modest, and in truth sincere:
Filial affection hast thou made thy care,
As all the actions of thy life declare.
To wipe from off thy parent's cheek the tear,
Which flow'd from causes and from haps se-
vere,

Thy forwardness and zeal will ever claim
A father's kindness, and esteem retain.
In sickness also hast thou prov'd my friend,
Made soft my pillow, caus'd my pain suspend;
How oft in truth my wearied head upheld,
My mind compos'd, and ev'ry passion quell'd.
No goddess pure above the starry sky,
No vestal virgin fam'd for chastity,
No gentle nun renown'd from earliest birth,
Excel my Anna's modesty and worth.

To part—the fatal sorrowing sigh to heave,
The throb to curb, the melting heart relieve,
Severe the task! 'Tis parents only feel
Full force of love, which others may conceal;
But nature will, in spite of ev'ry art,
Enforce its precepts, and its pow'r impart.

I go, my Anna, from my native shore,
Uncertain whether I may see thee more.

I go from thee with heart full fraught with grief,
To which no pleasures can afford relief;
Reluctant then, again I say adieu!
(My mind, dear girl, still gives thee to my
view)

Both night and morn on thee my prayers attend,
"May Heav'n's bliss on thy fair form descend."

CLIO.

ODE,

IN PRAISE OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

(Supposed to be sung by the Person presiding at
an Athenian Banquet.)

MY lyre, reluctant of each martial theme,
The deeds of heroes now rejects to sing:
To those, soft love and sprightly wine who
deem

A subject worthy, she her aid will bring.

When these are nam'd the strings vibration
know,

And sounds melodious float on buxom air,
Mirth tripping comes; as pleasures sweetly
flow,

She bids each voice to join my lyre prepare.

In praise of Bacchus raise the notes on high,
Bacchus approves the dance and festive song,
Before him Care and Melancholy fly:

Then acclamation must to him belong.

The winning Graces, and enchanting Loves,
To smiling Venus must their birth confess;
In praise of her each sphere harmonious moves;
To Venus then the loud acclaim address.

Hence let the vine and myrtle be entwin'd:

Warm in their rites the present hours em-
ploy;

For these are fleet: the future who shall find?
Life is alone the moment we enjoy.

Rich in our pleasures, in our follies wise,
Vain worldly grandeur let us not desire;
Bliss in that sweet intoxication lies,

With which these moments both these
Pow'rs inspire.

July, 1793.

S. N.

THE FISH-POND HOUSES.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THESE ancient edifices, which afford us a
View of the Architecture of our ancestors,
stood on the Bank-side, near the classical
ground on which the Theatre in which
Shakspeare acted, and for which he wrote,
formerly was erected. They were pulled
down about two years since. There is a
tradition that here the Royal Fish-ponds

were situated, and that here Queen Elizabeth
sometimes retreated from public notice. A
timber-yard now occupies part of the site,
and in this place the robbers who plundered
the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth, a few
years since, concealed part of the spoils taken
by them.

STATE

S T A T E P A P E R S.

The following NOTE was delivered by Mr. KERNE, Chargé d'Affaires from his BRITANNIC MAJESTY, to the Members of the Cabinet of his Majesty the King of Sweden :

THE undersigned Chargé d'Affaires of his Britannic Majesty has orders to communicate to the Ministers of his Majesty the King of Sweden, a copy of the orders issued out by his Britannic Majesty, in his Privy Council, concerning several measures relative to the trade and navigation of Neutral Nations during the present war.

The Ministry of Sweden will no doubt observe, that the rules prescribed in these orders are more favourable to Sweden than those stipulated in the Treaty existing between the two Courts, as in the Treaty all transports of provisions to an enemy are declared contraband, and subject to confiscation.

The exception in favour of Sweden, in the article of these regulations concerning blocked-up ports, is founded upon the same Treaty, the principles of which are perfectly consistent with the prescriptions given to the Commanders of his Majesty's armed vessels. It can certainly not be imagined that the object of this Treaty has been to permit to the vessels belonging to Neutral Powers to renew their attempts of entering into blocked-up ports as many times till they succeed in throwing provisions into them; they have only been exempted from the punishment of confiscation upon the first attempt.

His Majesty does not doubt but that the Court of Sweden will consider the particular attention which his Britannic Majesty, on this occasion, paid to the interests of Sweden, and of which this present communication is not less a proof.

His Majesty therefore expects, on the part of Sweden, the strictest observance of the said Treaty, and that, according to the conditions expressed in the 13th Article, orders will be given, that no vessels or goods, taken by the enemy from British subjects, should be permitted to enter into the Swedish ports; and to prevent, in case an enemy's vessel should carry any vessels or goods belonging to British subjects, that captured goods or vessels should be sold in the States of Sweden; and that all the British

sailors, prisoners, &c. carried into the ports of Sweden, as well as the enemy's vessels themselves, shall not be permitted to make any stay in these ports; and all the British sailors, masters of vessels, and all prisoners at their arrival in any Swedish port, shall immediately be set at liberty.

The following is the ANSWER of M. BERGSTEDT, the Chargé d'Affaires from the Court of Stockholm to that of London, delivered to the Minister of his BRITANNIC MAJESTY.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke Regent of Sweden, having been intrusted of the contents of the Note which the Chargé d'Affaires of his Britannic Majesty at Stockholm transmitted, by order of his Britannic Majesty, on the 26th of last month, to his Excellency the Great Chancellor of the Swedish Empire Baron Von Sparre, has given orders to the undersigned Chargé d'Affaires of his Swedish Majesty at the Court of London, by means of this present official Note, to the Minister of his Britannic Majesty, to declare, that his Royal Highness the Duke Regent of Sweden observed, with inexpressible pleasure, that he had not been mistaken in the favourable opinion which he ever entertained of the principles of justice by which the steps of the Court of Great Britain are guided, and of its religious observance of Treaties; His Royal Highness assuring at the same time, that all the points of these Treaties shall be observed on his side with not less strictness.

The undersigned, moreover, has special orders from his Royal Highness the Duke Regent, to give the strongest assurances on his part, that not only the strictest orders will be given in the name of his Majesty of Sweden, respecting the punctual execution of the articles of the Treaties of Neutrality, but likewise that his Royal Highness shall always think it his duty to seize every opportunity to convince his Britannic Majesty of the friendship of the Court of Sweden, and of his constant desire to preserve and strengthen the harmony and the mutual good understanding which is reigning between the two Empires.

(Signed) "J. VON BERGSTEDT."

NOTE DELIVERED ON THE 30TH OF JULY TO THE HIGH CHANCELLOR OF SWEDEN, BY THE RUSSIAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.

"WHEREAS the undersigned *Charge d'Affaires* of her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias refers to the amicable and confidential overtures which his Excellency Count Stackelberg, the Russian Ambassador, was charged to make to the Ministers of his Swedish Majesty in the beginning of this year, and in concert with the Envoys of other Courts interested in the present war; he has the honour to declare to the said Ministers, that her Imperial Majesty, in consequence of an arrangement made with his Britannic Majesty, has resolved to set sail a fleet of twenty-five ships of the line, and some frigates, which is destined to cruise in the north and east seas, to check and cut off the navigation of the French Rebels, and to protect the coasts of those seas from their privateers and robbers.—The instructions with which the Commander of this fleet is provided, prescribe to him to seize and capture all the ships bearing the pretended French flag, or any other flags which they may dare to hoist; and to stop also, and compel all neutral ships bound to or freighted for France, according as they shall deem it most expedient, either to sail back, or to enter some neutral harbour. After all the proofs which her Imperial Majesty had given of her magnanimous and most disinterested care to secure the rights of Neutral States in time of war, by a code of maritime laws, which most Powers have, by solemn treaties, sealed with their approbation, she cannot possibly be suspected of wishing to infringe upon this beneficent and salutary system, as it is no ways applicable to the present circumstances.

"In order to prove and establish this assertion, it will suffice to mention, that the Usurpers of the Government in France, after having subverted all order, after having imbrued their murderous hands in the blood of their King, have declared themselves, by a solemn decree, the friends and protectors of all those who should commit the same horrors and excesses against their own Government in other States; and they have not only promised them succours and every assistance, but even attacked, by force of arms, most of the adjacent Powers.

"By so doing, they put themselves into an immediate state of war with all the Powers of Europe; and from that period, neutrality could only take place where

prudence prescribed, to conceal the resolution prescribed by the general interest. But this motive exists no longer, since the most formidable Powers have joined in league to make theirs one common cause against the enemy of the safety and prosperity of nations. If there be any whose situation does not allow such strong and decisive efforts as the other Powers have recourse to; it is but justice that they should join the common cause by other means which are wholly in their power, and especially by breaking off all commerce and intercourse with the perturbators of public rest. Her Imperial Majesty thinks herself the more entitled to propose these measures, as she first set the example of them, and introduced them in her dominions, notwithstanding the temporary prejudice which resulted therefrom to the exportation and sale of the productions of her empire.—She has but too well foreseen the inconveniencies to which the public weal would be exposed, if the common enemy had been permitted, by means of a free supply of provisions and naval stores, to foster and prolong anarchy. She has but too well foreseen those inconveniencies, to hesitate about sacrificing some momentary advantages—the least which so great a cause exacts. Equally confident of the justice of these reasons, and of the friendship of his Swedish Majesty, the Empress does not delay to renew her urgent representation to the King her ally, to induce him to persevere in his friendly as well as salutary intentions, having given orders to his Admiralty to refuse convoys to all Swedish ships, which, in the present juncture, are bound for France; and to prescribe to all others bound to other harbours, to submit to their being searched by the ships of war of her Imperial Majesty, which is at present a point absolutely necessary, and compatible with the indulgence and respect that ought to take place between allies and neighbouring powers.

(Signed)

"NOTBEK."

Stockholm, July 30, 1793.

REMONSTRANCES MADE TO THE COUNT DE SIEVERS, THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, ON THE PART OF THE KING AND THE STATES OF POLAND, BY THE CHANCELLORS OF THE CROWN, AND OF THE GRAND DUCHY OF LITHUANIA.

THE King and the Confederated States of the Republic having had notice of a second violence committed to-day upon the Deputies of the Nation, of whom

many

many have been arrested at their houses—feeling with sorrow the injuries which a free and independent Nation has suffered from a Foreign Power, and not being able to continue legally our deliberations without the presence of those Members of the Diet, we have ordered unanimously the Chancellor to present, in our name, a Note to the Russian Ambassador, to represent to him the general sensation which such a proceeding has occasioned, and to demand the immediate enlargement of the persons arrested.

Having also learned, that the Ambassador had ordered the provisions destined for the use of the King to be intercepted, and the estates of M. Tyskiewicz, Marshal of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, to be sequestered, which gives us reason to apprehend that in future such violences may be increased, we resolved unanimously, that the Chancellors shall make to the Ambassador suitable representations on the subject, insisting that such orders should be countermanded, as well with regard to the King's domains, as the sequestration of the estates of the Marshal Tyskiewicz; and with respect to other estates of which the violation has not yet come to our knowledge, the Ambassador will henceforth be pleased to abstain from giving such orders.

A copy of this Note shall be communicated to all the Foreign Ministers residing near the King's person, and the States assembled.

Done at Grodno, July 11, 1793.

[The Russian Ambassador stopped the publication of this Manifesto, and its insertion in the Minutes of the Diet; but the Chancellors were censured for having given a private, but not official notice of this Manifesto to the Ambassador, as they had been ordered; and also for not having communicated it to the Foreign Ministers; nor had they caused it to be inserted in the Acts of the Diet.]

DECLARATION OF THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL JUNTO CHARGED WITH THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE CONQUERED COUNTRIES BY THE EMPEROR AND KING.

THE Junto established for the Provisional Administration of the Conquered Country declares,

I. That all Authorities whatever, constituted since the Revolution of 1789, are abolished; that in consequence thereof, the Magistracies of the conquered Towns, Burghs, and Villages, are re-established, such as they existed previously to the Re-

volution: at the same time be it well understood, that the individuals who then composed those Magistracies, cannot resume their place, without being especially so admitted by the Junto: and that, whereas it is impossible to know at the first moments, the conduct observed since the Revolution by those individuals, Provisionary Magistracies will be chosen, without prejudice to the rights of the respective Lords, and in concert with them, as much as it will be possible, till such time as it shall be judged if and to what point those said individuals shall be reinstalled. The Lords of the Manors, or their Officers, shall therefore remit as soon as possible to the Junto, the lists of the persons of whom the Magistrates or Judicial Bodies, or Corps of Police, might be provisionally formed.

II. The Laws relative to General Police and Property are re-established as they existed in the beginning of 1789.

III. In Appeals of Judgment in the first instance, the order of the Jurisdictions which was established at that epoch, shall be followed; and in case where, according to that order, the Appeal shall refer to a superior Tribunal resident in a place still subject to France, the Appeal shall be suspended till there shall be a Tribunal of Appeal appointed under the Government of His Majesty.

IV. With regard to Public Imposts and Taxes, they shall be provisionally, and till farther orders, maintained on the footing on which they have been since 1789.

V. All the Administrators, Receivers or Collectors of Imposts and Public Taxes, the Receivers of the Domains, and all others who handled any public money in the extent of the conquered Country, are to present themselves to the Junto, in the term of three days, with a proper account of their Chest and Administration, under pain of being discharged from their place.

VI. The lawful circulation of the Assignats is abolished, but they shall be suffered to pass for Merchandize.

VII. The course of the French monies will be provisionally tolerated on the footing they are on at present, and there will be speedily made out a rate of specie coined with the Arms of His Majesty.

VIII. The Religious, Ecclesiastical and Political Foundations, and other Public Establishments, temporal or spiritual, suppressed since the Revolution, and desirous of being re-established, shall address themselves to the Junto for a decision.

R r

IX. The

IX. The sequestration of the Estates of the Emigrants shall be removed, as they shall gradually appear before the Junto to legitimate them.

X. It shall not be permitted to any French Emigrant to sojourn in the conquered places, except those only who have property there, or have been completely settled and domiciliated there before the Revolution; yet they shall however be obliged, in order to be permitted to abide there, to address themselves in writing to the Junto, for the purpose of obtaining its express permission.

And this present Declaration shall be printed, published, and posted up wherever it shall be required.

Done at Condé, July 20, 1793.

(Marked with a flourish) LE C. VT.

(Signed by Order) DE HESDIN.

Corroborated by the Small Seal of His Majesty.

THE SPEECH OF THE KING OF POLAND, DELIVERED IN THE SITTING OF THE POLISH DIET AT GRODNO, JULY 17, 1793.

"WHEN I advised, in the beginning of this sitting, to charge the Chancellors with the message of the whole Diet, I saw only in this measure the last appeal to the bounty and greatness of soul of the Emperors.

"But this measure becomes also useless, and I hear the voices of many virtuous and gallant citizens, who think it proper to preserve my reputation with my contemporaries, and with posterity, by animating me to persist in my refusal of the demands of the Emperors.

"It is not by my seeking after momentary applause, nor by my having only in view the uncertain praises of future orators or historians, that one truly fulfils one's duty: it is by accomplishing rigidly what innate conviction proves to be the greatest real advantage, or, at any rate, the least evil, for those whose fates are left to our trust; when an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances will not leave us the choice between the good and the evil, but only between bad and worse.

"I ask, what would be the duty of the General who should receive information, that one detached half of his army had surrendered to the enemy? It would doubtless be, to think of means by which he may yet preserve that half of his army still left to his command.

"We think, we say, that we have no right to deliver up our brothers, who have hitherto been as free as ourselves, to a fo-

reign yoke: but I ask you, has any one of you the right to render his Constituents still more unfortunate than those who have fallen under a foreign government? What will you answer, representatives of the respective Palatinates, when your brothers shall ask you, what have you done for us? If you tell them that we offered to sacrifice even our lives, they will then ask you, have you stipulated and obtained, by so doing, that we shall remain free, tranquil, and safe in our property? Have you freed us from the enormous burden of keeping an army of 150,000 foreign soldiers? Have you secured the means of providing for our civil and military government? What answer can you return to these questions, unless, that by your devoted zeal, you have only accelerated the effect of all these evils?

"If they ask you what has been the conduct of your King, you will answer them, it has been consistent with his principles, with his duties, to which he even sacrificed what is unjustly denominated glory, the moment he was assured that the preservation of the domains of the Republic depended solely upon his accession to the Confederation of Targowica—he has done it; this only motive directed all his proceedings; on this basis he manifested his sentiments to us at the beginning of the Diet, in hopes that that Diet, acknowledged by our neighbours as the Representation of a Nation truly free and independent, ought to be at liberty to treat as such, respecting the rights of the country, with a Princess whose friendship it desires as much as it reveres her genius.

"The King has given, and will never refuse the return of the sincerest affection and esteem towards all those whose patriotism he has seen and felt in the course of the Diet—a patriotism the more worthy of being praised and venerated, as by the effect of circumstances notorious, the King had no influence over the petty Diets in which they were elected; but since the beginning of the present Diet, he thought it due to the welfare of each individual member of that Diet, not to give them a certain impulse, either directly by himself, or in any manner whatever, and he does not conceal the reasons for thus acting.

"The majority of the Nuncios of this Diet were totally unknown to him; and the more was he delighted to know so many virtuous fellow-patriots; but the higher he values their character, the more he owes them cares truly paternal: they merit to be preserved—they merit to be restrained

restrained when even their virtues lead them into the path of error—and it would be an error, were we to say to the Power against whom we have nothing to oppose —“Destroy, enslave three millions five hundred thousand inhabitants more whom we represent; we will have it so, because you have already rendered yourself mistress of four millions of our brothers.” Would you thus report your conduct to the nobility of the Palatinate, to the citizens of the towns of your districts, which begin to sink into ruins; to the labourer; in fine to that class of men, who, being in the last rank of humanity, are nevertheless her first benefactors, who (should the present state of affairs continue some short time longer) will see in a few months their barns, their stables, empty and desolated? May I spare you the dreadful picture of famine and the plague, which will become its natural consequences?

“We cannot feel more poignant sorrows than to see the courage of our brave soldiers fettered down; but you know by what degrees, by what cares, by what events, those ill-fated remains of our army have been bereft of all the means of defence, and of collecting themselves in a body. The Castellan of Woyna has faithfully given you all the particulars. I am no stranger to the flights of despair; I know how far they can lead, but they are not the objects of your mission: you are charged to present the rights of our country, and to plead her cause; you have done it, and we all have done it; no longer does it rest with us to save our brothers parted from us; we ought to save those who are still left to us notwithstanding the little hope which the situation of all Europe makes us expect from those Courts which do not seem to wish for our misfortunes, we have not been wanting in the duties of entreating them to interpose in our behalf; but the Courts whose troops fill our provinces, our capitals, who surround even the sanctuary of our deliberations; in short, *she who declares to us, that she will consider us as in a state of war with her*, if we shall defer for a single day to obey her will—these reasons, I say, do not even leave us time to receive the answers of the neutral Courts to whom we have addressed ourselves.

“I heard with tender emotion the vow of that virtuous citizen, who, in the sitting before last, promised himself tears of compassion from his great-grand-children, who shall read on his tomb the name of him who preferred death to renouncing

to call fellow-countrymen, those whom a foreign force had just appropriated to itself.

“I dare hope, in my turn, that when I once shall stand before that Great Judge to whom I appeal respecting the purity of my motives, those who shall live after me will say, “He always wanted the good; he was unfortunate, but not guilty!”

“I second the advice of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Livonia, that, renouncing a resistance forthwith impossible, we ought to make known, that compulsive necessity is the only right they shall make us acknowledge; a fact which the authentic documents will prove to posterity, without its being able ever to inculpate a Diet, the members of which have done, have risked, all they could do or risk.

“I wish that the Senators, the Ministers, as well as the Nuncios, may expressly declare their respective opinions, as I do mine; their decision will ultimately include mine own.”

SPEECH OF THE KING OF POLAND IN THE SITTING OF THE DIET AT GRODNO OF JULY 30, 1793.

“THE Nuncio who has just spoken, by quoting the example of Codrus, king of Athens, seems to propose him to me as a pattern: he reminds me of those times in which the nations thought themselves guided by oracles, and of those times when the true God deigned directly to manifest himself to his beloved people.

“Happy then the chiefs of nations! who, conducted by an infallible celestial voice, were certain of commanding nothing but justice and success. Envyng their happiness, there remains nothing for us but the combinations, and the arguments to judge with utility of the future by the past and the present.

“Happy, doubtless, that king, who by sacrificing his own person, expected by so doing to become with certainty the saviour of his fellow-countrymen. One might think that it still would be a fine action for a king to make a sacrifice of himself for his people, even when uncertain of success. The time may yet come when proofs shall evince that the love of my country has led me to this step; and that I have not addressed more fervent prayers to the Divinity, than that it might please God to inspire the acceptance of the sacrifice of my person to save my nation for those into whose power it wished to resign its fate.

"But I will no longer dwell upon wishes which will not be heard. I ought to begin my advice respecting the subject which for these several days past has been the matter of your deliberations.

"A great number of members who have given their opinion before, have said, that our method of negotiating with the Court of Berlin ought to be different from that in which we have negotiated with Russia.

"The recent recollection of the events of the last Diet informs us of the gradations by which the Court of Berlin has successively precluded us from every connexion with the Court of Russia, during eighteen months, till the signing of our alliance with Prussia, on the 26th of March, 1790.

"I see here witnesses of what I represented on the 15th of March of the same year, in the Diet of that time: I requested that the conclusion of this new alliance might not be so much precipitated; my advice then was, that if the alliance was not preceded by commercial stipulations, it should not take place at all: I was not listened to, but the issue justified my foresight.

"Reading the authentic documents and congratulations which his Russian Majesty addressed to us, respecting the events of the 3d of May 1791, a few days after they took place, expressing even that he would find his own conveniences by those events; posterity will ask, if it is the same monarch who, reproaching us with the same facts, now appropriates to himself our provinces?

"Immediately after the 3d of May 1791, I projected the most friendly proceedings towards her Majesty the Empress of all the Russias; our most poignant regrets can never compensate for the misfortunes that follow the obstacles which his Prussian Majesty raised against my intentions. He seemed to envy us the benevolence of that great Princess, which he himself thus eagerly courted.

"He cannot find, he does not charge us with the least deviation from the treaties subsisting between him and us; whereas for these twenty years, Poland has not ceased to complain of the manifest non-performance of the clear and precise engagements of the treaty of 1773, which secured to us both a free commerce, and a free passage of exportation through all his dominions.

"The treaties of 1773 and 1790 not only assured us, on his part, of the unalterable possession of those very provinces of which he now wishes to deprive us, but he even guaranteed to defend them. It is therefore impossible for us to recognize any reasons which justify their present alienation.

"If the sole imputation of Jacobinism could authorize him, the answers of the General Confederation, and so many official notes from the ministers, have already demonstrated, with plain evidence, that that fatal doctrine has never infected the Polish nation; and that when it was believed that foreign emissaries of that pernicious sect endeavoured to spread in our country its dangerous seeds, our government opposed them by measures so rigorous and efficacious, that even all idea of prejudice for our neighbours must have been done away.

"If, therefore, no just pretension can be urged against us, what are the means to preserve ourselves from the misfortunes destined to be our lot?

"I can give no other advice upon this subject, than to address ourselves to that august Princess to whom we have just given a proof of our high regard. Let us implore her respectable and mighty interposition. Would to Heaven I could give you other advice!—But you have been recently fully convinced of the incompetency of our own means. I shall thank him who will discover other resources.

[To be Continued.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WHITEHALL, SEPT. 27.

THIS morning one of his Majesty's Messengers arrived at the Office of the Right Honourable Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with dispatches from the Earl of Elgin, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Brussels, of which the following is an Extract:

ST. AMAND, SEPT. 16, 1793.

I HAVE the honour of enclosing to your Lordship the report of the recapture of Menin, as sent in by General Beaulieu to Prince Cobourg.

SEPT. 15, 1793.

THIS morning the French, to the number of 12 or 14,000 men, advanced from Wevelghem to Bisseghem, where they attacked the advanced posts on the left

left of General Beaulieu's army. The attack was brisk, and would have completely succeeded on the side of the French, if General Beaulieu had not sent speedy and successive reinforcements to the post of Bisseghem. The French had then recourse to their numerous artillery, in order to dislodge the Austrians from their position behind the Landerbeg; and they would have been successful there, if they had not suddenly found their left turned by a body of Austrian infantry, headed by Captain Malksham, of the regiment of Beaulieu, who attacked them with cannon on the left flank, and also in the rear. This movement of the Austrians on the left flank of the French had such an effect upon the latter, that they began to give way. General Beaulieu then availing himself of this circumstance, charged them in front, and put them totally to flight. They retreated towards Menin. General Beaulieu, having collected his cavalry, which had routed the French, waited for reports from his right, in order to be assured that he might pursue the enemy without interruption. The reports arrived about one o'clock P. M. In consequence General Beaulieu, without a moment's hesitation, marched towards Menin, the rather as he had learnt that General Erbach, with four battalions and eight squadrons, was on his march from Roulaer. In the pursuit General Beaulieu's advanced guard had several skirmishes, in which it had constantly the advantage, repulsing the enemy quite to the gates of Menin. At four in the afternoon General Beaulieu arrived with his whole corps under the walls of that town, and attacked the French with cannon; at the same time he assaulted the ramparts near the gate of Roulaer, when the French, without any further resistance, totally abandoned the place, and passed the Lys with precipitation, leaving at the bridge only a weak rear-guard, which was entirely killed or taken by the Austrian troops, who entered at the gate of Courtray. In this interval General Erbach arrived with his corps, and immediately passed the Lys. Two English squadrons joined the Austrian hussars in the pursuit of the French, who retreated towards Roncq. In this action we lost about 100 men killed or wounded. We are not able at present to compute the number of prisoners. At the departure of the messenger who

brought this agreeable intelligence, about 150 were arrived in the square of Menin, together with two pieces of cannon and 18 ammunition waggons.

WHITEHALL, SEPT. 21.

The following dispatch from Colonel Sir James Murray, Adjutant-General to the forces under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, was this afternoon received at the Office of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

SIR, MENIN, SEPT. 17, 1793.

I HAD the honour of informing you, that upon the retreat of the Dutch troops from Menin, his Royal Highness intended to march upon Thouroute, in order to oppose the further progress of the enemy, and to act in conjunction with General Beaulieu, who commanded a corps of Austrians near Courtray.

This march was executed upon the 14th. Lieutenant-General Erbach, with two battalions of Austrians and two of Hessian infantry, and four squadrons of British cavalry, under the command of Major-General Harcourt, was ordered to advance the same day to Roufelaire. Upon the 15th the main body of the army advanced to Roufelaire, and Lieutenant-General Erbach's corps to Ledegheim, it being his Royal Highness's intention to attack the enemy, and force them to repass the Lys. Information was received at Roufelaire of the Prince of Cobourg's being in march towards Lille with a large body of troops, which his Serene Highness had put in motion as soon as he had learnt that Menin was evacuated.

During the march of the army, the enemy had attacked General Beaulieu's advanced posts; eight battalions were sent to his support; but the enemy had been repulsed before their arrival.

This appears to have been only intended to cover their retreat, as they had begun to evacuate Menin early in the morning. In the course of the day they entirely abandoned that important post, which was taken possession of in the evening by Lieutenant-General Erbach. Yesterday the army marched again: A camp was taken near Menin, and the advanced posts pushed on to Werwick, which the enemy had likewise abandoned, so that by these movements Austrian Flanders has been protected, and this part of it recovered.

I have the honour, &c.

J. A. MURRAY.

ADMIRALTY.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 21.

A LETTER hath this day been received from Vice-Admiral Lord Hood, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean, to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Victory, in the Outer Road of Toulon, the 1st inst. of which the following is an Extract.

Yesterday afternoon a part of Carreaux's Army, consisting of 730 men, approached near Toulon. Captain Elphinstone, whom I had appointed Governor of the Great Fort of Maiguc and its dependencies, marched out, at the head of 600 troops, and put it to the rout, took four pieces of cannon, their ammunition, &c.

Herewith I have the honour to send you Governor Elphinstone's letter; and most exceedingly lament the loss of a very excellent Officer, Major Douglas, whom I had appointed Fort-Major, and whose zeal for going out with the troops could not be restrained. The ball entered his breast, and was extracted at the shoulder blade. He died last night.

Upon the troops leaving the Fort, the appointed signal was made for a number of seamen that were kept ready, and 400 were on shore immediately, to put the Fort out of danger.

Rear-Admiral Goodall has taken upon him the charge and command of Governor of Toulon, and Rear-Admiral Gravina that of Commandant of the troops.

The signal is, this moment, for the convoy's being in sight, with a considerable body of Spanish troops, from the Army in Roussillon.

Toulon, Aug. 31, 1793.

My Lord, In consequence of the information I had the honour to send your Lordship yesterday forenoon, and the repeated applications which I had received from the Committee of War and Safety, I thought proper to send out a patrol towards Ollouilles to reconnoitre the enemy and to examine their force; at the same time I ordered 300 British, and the same number of Spanish troops, to be under arms, and I directed the Committee of War to furnish a proportion of their best troops, and six pieces of cannon, with ammunition and waggons, to be in readiness. About three o'clock the patrol returned with some peasants, who had been wounded by the enemy's Dragoons, who informed me that certain troops of Car-

reaux were posted at Senary and l'Ollouilles, about five miles from hence, to the amount of 600 men, with ten pieces of cannon, and a few cavalry; I instantly marched out with the British and Spanish troops, taking the road to Ollouilles, having four guides along with me (belonging to that place, and having left directions that the French troops, with the cannon, &c. should instantly follow. On the road I met wounded peasants, who informed me that their whole force was now posted in Ollouilles. When we approached within half a mile of that place, I observed a party of the enemy endeavouring to gain an eminence on our right. I detached Captain Haddon and Wemyss, of the 11th regiment of Foot, to prevent this, and to advance with their parties, keeping possession of the high grounds, and sent Lieutenant Knight with a party of the same regiment, on the like service, to the left, both of which duties were admirably executed. I then advanced with the Aid-du-Camp to reconnoitre the enemy's situation, and found they were posted in the village of l'Ollouilles, upon the side of a steep hill, a deep ravine in their front, with a stone bridge over it, defended with two pieces of cannon, and the windows filled with musquetry; about 200 yards further up the hill, at a ruinous Castle, there were two more pieces of cannon, and the walls of the vineyards lined with musquetry. It was now half past six in the evening, without any appearance of the French troops or the cannon from Toulon; it became therefore necessary, either to attack immediately or to retire; I preferred the former, and ordered the flanking party to keep up an incessant firing upon the cannon at the bridge; I then ordered the column, under cover of a stone wall, cautiously to advance within 200 yards, and then, being open to the fire of the enemy, to rush forward, which was executed under a very severe fire; when the enemy instantly abandoned their posts on all quarters, leaving us in possession of their cannon, horses, and ammunition, two stands of colours, drums, &c. They were pursued up a very steep hill to the further end of the village. It was now become nearly dark, and the ammunition was expended, which induced me to order the troops to occupy the eminence, as we were in an unknown country, and abandoned

abandoned by the guides, who fled upon the first fire. After halting for an hour, I led the troops back to Toulon, with the prisoners and cannon taken from the enemy, and on the road we met the French troops and the cannon, which ought to have left Toulon with us, but which unfortunately had been delayed. From the information that we received in the village, and from the prisoners, we found that we had beaten the *elite* of Carteaux's Army, consisting of between 700 and 800 men and some Cavalry, which had been sent from Marseilles, for the purpose of overawing Toulon, and that they expected to have been joined the next day by 400 men, and eight pieces of cannon. In this little affair, it becomes my duty to inform your Lordship, that the conduct of the troops, those of his Majesty as well as those of the King of Spain, was highly meritorious. Captain Moncrieff, of the 11th, Commandant of the British troops, headed the column with a degree of intrepidity worthy of imitation; and Don Monteiro, Commandant of the Spanish troops, conducted himself with equal valour. But the credit of the day was chiefly derived from the great exertion and gallant behaviour of Captain Douglas, Town-Major of Toulon; and it is with grief I add, that he was mortally wounded, and is since dead: In my mind, the King's service has sustained a great loss. The conduct of Ensign Forster, of the 30th regiment, my Aid-du-Camp, was such as to give me the fullest satisfaction, and hope will render him an object of attention.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble

Servant,
G. K. ELPHINSTONE.
*Right Hon. Lord Hood, Rear-Admiral
of the Red, &c.*

BRITISH.

Captain Douglas, of the 11th Reg. killed.
11th Reg. 1 Sergeant, 6 Privates, wounded.
25th Regiment. 3 Privates wounded,
Marines. 3 Privates wounded.

SPANIARDS.

3 Killed. 3 Wounded.
G. K. ELPHINSTONE.

WHITEHALL, Sept. 24, 1793.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Yarmouth to the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Department of Foreign Affairs, dated Markham, Sept. 15, 1793.

AN Aid de-Camp of the Duke of Brunswick is just arrived with an account that the Duke of Brunswick

was yesterday attacked by the French near Pirmazens, but that, by a very judicious manœuvre, he turned their flank so completely as to surround them, when they threw down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, to the amount of 3000. He took 27 pieces of cannon and two howitzers. The number of the dead cannot be ascertained, as the Duke was left in the pursuit. He also was so fortunate, in the course of the operations, as to burn the baggage and tents of another body of French, encamped near Bitche. While the Duke was so well employed on one side, General Kalkreuth was attacked in another quarter, but very faintly; and the action concluded by his cutting to pieces the Regiment emphatically called *Les Sans Culottes*, and taking 67 men of another corps.

WHITEHALL, SEPT. 28.

BY a dispatch received last night from the Right Honourable Lord Mulgrave, dated at Toulon, September 8, 1793, it appears that his Lordship had arrived there on the 6th, and had been desired by Lord Hood to take upon himself the command of the troops until his Majesty's pleasure should be known. It further appears that one of the advanced posts appearing to be out of the regular military line of defence, it had been determined to evacuate it; but before the order for carrying that measure into execution arrived, Carteaux, the General of the Republican Party (who had collected about 5000 men from Marseilles and Nice to harraiss this garrison), attacked the post, and drove back the Spaniards, who had occupied it, with the loss of 35 men killed, two officers and 20 men wounded, one officer and 15 men missing. Of two priests, who went out after the action to give absolution to the wounded, one has been found murdered, and the other is missing. The corps at this post consisted of 400 Spanish troops, and 250 of the French National Guards from Toulon. A detachment of the British Brigade were marched out of Toulon to cover their retreat, which service they performed without difficulty, having only one private soldier wounded.

OCTOBER 5.

Extract of a Letter received Yesterday by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave, dated Toulon, Sept. 16.

NOTHING of importance has occurred since my letter of September 8.

The

The enemy have been constantly in sight, and have pushed their patrols very near our outposts, from whom we have occasionally taken a few prisoners; but we have remained on our part constantly on the defensive, to avoid fatiguing the troops, who continue in good health. The redoubts and forts at the out-posts are in general so considerably strengthened as to leave little to apprehend from any offensive efforts of the enemy; though no part of the reinforcements, which were required from different quarters, were arrived.

On the 15th the enemy marched a considerable corps of troops, of which about 400 infantry and 200 cavalry passed in sight of our posts from the east side of the town, to reinforce Carteaux's main body, which is posted on the hills to the westward. I am certain of the cordial co-operation of the Spanish Admiral Gravina, who commands the troops of his nation on shore, and whose active zeal, accommodating disposition, and even temper, give every possible facility to the execution of the public service, and the support of the common cause.

It is with the highest satisfaction I inform you, that the British troops have very particularly distinguished themselves by their moderate conduct and orderly behaviour. From the inhabitants I have hitherto only heard praises of their good order.

WHITEHALL, OCT. 5.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Elgin, His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Brussels, to the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, dated Haumont, Sept. 29, 1793.

IT is with the utmost satisfaction that I have it in my power to inform your Lordship of the complete success with which his Serene Highness Prince Cobourg has this day passed the Sambre, driven into the entrenched camp, of Maubeuge all the detached corps of French, and formed the investment of the camp and fortress.

The army was in march at day-break. General Clairfait's column crossed at Brelaimont, and having met with very little resistance, was, in a very short time, in the position which according to the disposition it was meant to take between Aulnois and Bascheux.

The column of General Collorede crossed at Pont and Haumont, and so effectually were the enemy surprized in the camp of St. Remy Malbati, that their tents and baggage were taken. The rout soon began, but the pursuit was interrupted by great inequalities in the ground, and, accordingly, the loss of the French in killed and wounded, and in prisoners, did not exceed the number of 200 men. The Austrians, however, took nine pieces of cannon. General Collorede has pitched his camp between Haumont and the Bois de Beaufort, both of which he occupies.

General de la Tour crossed the Sambre between Jeumont and Marpent, and with a degree of success similar to that of General Collorede's column, as he surprized the enemy's camp at Bequignies. He took some prisoners, and two pieces of cannon; and as his march was not much impeded by the nature of the country, he killed 300 men. He has advanced to Cerfontaine, where he has taken up his position: He occupies the forest of Bompere, near Ronfies, and his left flank extends by Terrere la Petite, towards the corps of General Collorede, with whom he is at this moment forming a junction. Colonel Seckendorff, who marched from Charleroy, has advanced, without much resistance, to Collinett.

Prince Cobourg's Head-Quarters are at Haumont.

In a word, every object proposed to this enterprise has been obtained, and with the loss of 50 men killed and wounded: Two or three officers are slightly wounded.

WHITEHALL, OCT. 12.

BY accounts from the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K. B. his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Naples, dated the 17th of September, it appears, that on the 11th Capt. Nelson, in his Majesty's Ship *Agamemnon*, arrived there with dispatches from Toulon, dated off Toulon the 27th of August, and a letter, of the 31st, from Lord Hugh Conway, who had left Toulon in the possession of Lord Hood, and met with Captain Nelson at sea; that Sir William Hamilton having communicated this intelligence to General Acton, 2000 of his Sicilian Majesty's best troops were embarked on the 16th on board of two line of battle ships, two frigates, two corvettes, and one Neapolitan

Neapolitan transport vessel. That a Spanish frigate, returning to Toulon, had likewise taken some of the troops on board; that three more battalions were that night to embark at Gaeta, on board of two Neapolitan frigates, two brigantines, and nine large polacres. That, in a week or ten days, the Neapolitan Government were to send off to Toulon the remaining ships, and 2000 more men, with 30 pieces of regimental artillery, and plenty of provisions; and that, should the wind remain as it then was, those succours might reach Toulon in five days, or sooner.

MADRID, OCT. 2.

INTELLIGENCE has been received here, that on the 22d of September, General Ricardos obtained a complete victory over the French near Truillas. The only particulars yet known are, that the enemy began the attack, in five columns, at seven o'clock in the morning; that they were repulsed and defeated by the Spanish cavalry, and by the columns of infantry which were ordered out, under the command of Don Juan Courten and the Count de la Union; that the loss of the Spaniards was very small, but that of the enemy was estimated, on the whole, at 5 or 6000 men, including about 1500 prisoners, and many more killed, a great havoc having been made by the grape shot and side arms; and that ten pieces of cannon, six cart-loads of muskets, and a quantity of baggage, had been taken. The number of the enemy was reported to be 23 or 24,000 men, though by some estimated at no more than 20,000.

WHITEHALL, OCT. 23.

THE Dispatches, of which the following are Extract and Copies, were received, on Sunday last, at the Office of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Toulon, Sept. 26, 1793.

ON the morning of the 18th of this month the enemy opened two masked batteries, one of three, the other of two guns, at the head of the Inner Harbour, at la Petite Garenne. An incessant fire was kept up during the whole of the day between the batteries of the enemy and a gun-boat and French frigate manned by English seamen, which had been placed near the Poudriere for the defence of the Head of the Harbour, and to cover the Fort of Malbousquet towards the water;

that fort fired occasionally at the enemy's batteries with some effect, although they were covered on that side by a grove of pine trees. On the 19th the enemy opened a fresh battery, to the left of the others, at Les Gaux, and his Majesty's ship St. George, with a second gun-boat, being brought into the Petite Rade, a cannonade continued during the whole day, and towards evening the batteries of the enemy were silenced; but one of the gun-boats had suffered so much that she was towed off, and she sunk the next morning, the Officers and men having been taken out of her.

It became necessary to collect a force to occupy La Grasse; I took, therefore, fifty men from Fort De la Malue, the strongest and least exposed of our posts, and, by leaving but One Relief for the duties of Toulon, we were enabled to collect 350 Spaniards and 150 British, exclusive of Officers and Non-commissioned Officers, the Spanish under the command of Col. Don Rafael Echavuru, and the British troops under the command of Captain Brereton, of the 30th regiment. The detachment embarked from Toulon on the 20th, at twelve o'clock at night, Admiral Gravina and myself, with all the Spanish Colonels of the garrison, and some French Engineers, attending, to place the troops in the post they were to occupy. We proceeded across the Harbour, and landed, at about two o'clock in the morning of the 21st, at Fort Balaguier, and marched immediately forward to reconnoitre the Heights De La Grasse, which consist of a ridge, divided at the top by three distinct knolls, covered with wood, with small dips or vallies between each, the whole rising very considerably inland, the ridge terminating with a rapid descent at the western extremity, which commands a complete view of the whole extent of the enemy's position to the Westward of Toulon.

It was determined to take post on the lowest and easternmost knoll, which is about five hundred yards from the landing-place. Having distributed the troops into the best position the post would admit of, Admiral Gravina returned with me before noon to Toulon, to order the necessary supplies for the troops, and some guns for the defence of the post, Colonel Don Rafael Echavuru remaining with the command of the post, and Captain Brereton with the command of the British troops under him. At about five o'clock in the afternoon the enemy advanced along the upper knolls of the Hauteur de Grasse, to the number, as we have since learnt, of about

about seven hundred men; and having driven in the piquets, began an attack under cover of the woods, forming themselves upon a steep ascent, in front of the post, in three lines, so as to have the advantage of a triple fire; from which our troops were, in some degree, protected by trunks of trees, which had been felled, and placed to serve as a breast-work. The firing continued for an hour, when the enemy were repulsed, with the loss, on the part of the British, of one Rank and File killed, one Captain and three Rank and File wounded (I am happy to say none of them dangerously), and of the Spaniards one Rank and File killed, and seven wounded. The enemy, by accounts we have since received from deserters, lost twelve killed, and one Colonel and twenty-three wounded. This attempt of the enemy served to convince the Spanish and French Officers of the necessity of occupying the advanced position at the western extremity of La Hauteur de Grasse; a Spanish Colonel was sent, at day-break, to take possession of it.

I went with Lord Hood and Admiral Gravina to trace out the line of entrenchments, and to place a battery of three twenty-four pounders on a spot which commands every point within their range. This post completely covers the outward Roadstead; the two knolls in the rear of it being occupied by small detachments, to communicate with the landing-place at Fort Balaguier. A reinforcement of one hundred Spaniards from the ships, and of eighty British marines (who had been posted at Les Sablettes to cover the Naval Hospital, which is protected now by the occupation of the Hauteur de Grasse) render that post sufficiently strong to resist any future attempts the enemy can make on that side. It is owing to the active zeal and great exertions of Captain Tyler and Lieutenants Serecold and Brisbane, of the Navy, with the seamen under their command, that heavy cannon have been dragged, with infinite labour and extraordinary expedition, up a very steep ascent, and that this most important post has been put, in a short time, into a state of defence.

For the more regular and convenient conduct of the service, I found it necessary to divide the small detachments of different British corps under my command into two battalions. I have put the first battalion under the orders of Captain Moncrief, of the 11th regiment; the second under Captain Brereton, of the 30th regiment; the two eldest Captains on this

service. I cannot do sufficient justice to the zeal, intelligence, and activity of those officers, from whose exertions I have found the greatest assistance, in the constant attention which I am obliged to give to posts occupied by very inadequate numbers, and at distances which render my daily attendance at each of them utterly impossible. Any mark of his Majesty's favour shewn to those two old and deserving officers, I can venture to assure you, will not be bestowed on persons deficient either in zeal or ability. Indeed I should not render the justice which I owe to the small body of British troops under my command, if I did not represent the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they suffer incessant fatigue in posts in which they must be considered as being constantly on duty, and every hour liable to attack; I can, however, venture to repeat my former assurance, that (unless sickness should be the consequence of this fatigue) our present state of defence is such as may give reasonable grounds to be confident of the security of the place.

The constant fire kept up by the enemy for the last four days, has wounded one Lieutenant of the Navy, one seaman, and four rank and file. I have to regret that Lieutenant Newnham, of the Navy, who commanded in fort Pomet, and whose vigilance, activity, and resources, supplied almost every local defect of his posts, is necessarily removed for a time from the command, on account of the wound which he yesterday received in the thigh. Lieutenant Tupper, of his Majesty's ship Windsor Castle, is sent to take the command.

*Return of British Killed and Wounded on
Sept. 21, 1793.*

30th Regiment. 1 rank and file killed,
1 rank and file wounded.
25th Regiment. 1 Captain wounded.
69th Regiment. 2 rank and file
wounded.

IN FORT POMET.

Royal Navy. 1 Lieutenant, 1 seaman,
wounded.
69th Regiment. 2 rank and file wounded.

Marines. 2 rank and file wounded.
Total. 1 rank and file killed; 2 officers,
1 seaman, 7 rank and file, wounded.
Captain Smith of the 25th Regiment,
and Lieutenant Newnham, of the Royal
Navy, wounded.

MULGRAVE,
Acting Brigadier-General.
SIR,

SIR, *Toulon, Sept. 27, 1793.*

SINCE I closed my dispatch to you this day, the first division of Neapolitan troops came into the harbour, consisting of 2000 men, all in perfect health, conveyed by two ships of seventy-four guns each, two frigates and two sloops. They have been eleven days on their passage. Two thousand more troops were to sail in three days after that of their departure, and a third division also of 2000 men were to sail in twenty days from the day on which the first division sailed. After the confident manner in which I have ventured to assure you that no impression was likely to be made on our posts, inadequately garrisoned as they were by our original small body, I need hardly express the comfortable security I feel with our last reinforcements.

I have the honour to be,
With great respect,

SIR,
Your most obedient,
And most humble servant,
MULGRAVE.

Toulon, Sept. 30, 1793.

SIR,

THE Squadron under Admiral Gell having been delayed by contrary winds, I have the opportunity of informing you, in addition to my last dispatches, that, on the 28th instant, the first division of the Neapolitan troops disembarked under the command of Brigadier-General Pignatelli.—The troops are in perfect health, and are a very fine body of men, and well appointed.

The detachment of the King of Sardinia's troops consists entirely of grenadiers and chasseurs, and are of the best of his Sardinian Majesty's troops. I have great confidence in the zeal and willingness expressed both by the Officers and Soldiers of this corps.

It is with extreme concern that I have to inform you of the loss which the service has sustained by the death of Lieutenant Newnham of the Navy; to whose private and professional merits the sincere and marked regret of the Spanish as well as English Officers, who were witnesses of his able and active conduct, bears the most honourable testimony. His wound, which was not at first judged to be dangerous, took an unfavourable turn, which proved fatal in a very short period.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,

SIR,
Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,
MULGRAVE,
Acting Brigadier-General.

Right Hon. Henry Dundas, &c. &c. &c.

Whitehall, October 22.

LAST night the Right Hon. Lord George Conway arrived at the Office of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with a dispatch from the Earl of Yarmouth, of which the following is an extract:

Weissenbourg, October 14, 1793.

Austrian Head-Quarters.

YESTERDAY morning, at three o'clock, General Wurmsler made his projected attack upon the Lines of the Lautre, on various points at the same time. I have the satisfaction to say that he is in possession of every part of them. Lautrebourg surrendered, without any conditions, between three and four in the evening, after being evacuated by the enemy, who, from the prodigious number of redoubts of which they were in possession, and the natural strength of the position, might have held out a siege of several days.

This town resisted some time longer. It is surrounded by a large ditch, and was defended by redoubts, from which the French cannonaded the Austrians for several hours. It is also connected with the Geilberg, a mountain which so entirely commands the place, that if the French had determined on deriving every advantage from their situation, the Austrians could not have entered into possession of it without further successes in the mountains. A part of the town was burnt in the course of the struggle; and the French, before they retreated, set fire to their magazines, both here and at Alstadt. In other parts of this very complicated operation, in which six different columns had distinct plans to execute, great success attended the Austrians. They successively carried by assault all the different redoubts which had been constructed in the front of the French camps, of which the principal one fell into their hands, with all their tents standing, several caissons, nine standards, and twenty-six cannons of very great calibre. As these different actions are but just over, and the Austrian corps are very remote from each other, it is impossible for me to transmit to your Lordship any account of the killed, wounded, or taken on either side. The army has been fourteen hours under arms, almost continually engaged in a very active pursuit, and often exposed to a most tremendous fire.

We have as yet no distinct account of the operations of the Duke of Brunswick's army yesterday in the Mountain, but a very great cannonade was heard on that side during the whole day.

Right Hon. Lord Grenville.

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Whitehall,

Whitehall, October 22.

A LETTER from Sir James Murray, Adjutant-General to the forces under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, was received this evening by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, of which the following is a copy.

Engel Fontaine, October 18, 1793.
S I R,

I HAD the honour of informing you, in my last dispatch, that his Royal Highness, at the earnest request of the Prince of Cobourg, had marched with a part of the troops under his command, for this place. They arrived here upon the 16th. The Prince, being acquainted with his Royal Highness's intention, had been enabled to draw from thence four battalions, to strengthen his other posts; a fifth battalion followed those upon his Royal Highness's arrival.

The enemy, having collected in extraordinary numbers, attacked the corps under the command of General Clairfayt, which was posted with its right near Birmemont, and its left near the village of Wattigwies, upon the 15th and 16th. Upon the former day the left wing of the enemy was entirely defeated. Having advanced into the plain which lay upon that side between the two armies, they were charged by the Imperial Cavalry, and driven back, with great slaughter and the loss of twelve pieces of cannon. The attack which they made upon the left of the Austrians was more obstinately supported; they were, however, finally repulsed.

Upon the 16th, the enemy having drawn the greatest part of their force to the right, again attacked the left of General Clairfayt's corps, and the village of Wattigwies.

They could upon this side approach within cannon shot of the Austrians, under cover of an immense wood, called the *Haye d'Avesnes*; which, when they were repulsed, secured their retreat. They brought a great quantity of heavy artillery to the edge of this wood, under the protection of which they attacked the village. The utmost firmness and bravery were displayed by the Austrian troops upon this occasion. The enemy were several times repulsed with great loss; they were repeatedly driven from the village after they had carried it; but being enabled, by great superiority of numbers, to bring continually fresh troops to the point of attack, they at last succeeded in maintaining the possession of that post.

The communication between General Clairfayt's corps and that of General La Tour, which observed the intrenched camp

near Maubeuge, being by this means cut off, it was judged necessary by the Prince of Cobourg to abandon the position which had been taken for the purpose of investing Maubeuge; the army repulsed the Sambre in the night without the smallest loss. Lieutenant General Benzowsky, who commanded a detached corps upon the left of the army, defeated a corps which was opposed to him, killed a great number of the enemy, took four hundred prisoners and eleven pieces of cannon. Count Haddick, who was detached by General La Tour, likewise gained a considerable advantage, penetrated to Sorbe Chateau, and took three pieces of cannon.

In the two engagements, the Austrians took twenty-four pieces of cannon and two howitzers, without the loss of one upon their part. They have had about two thousand men killed and wounded. There can be no doubt that the loss of the enemy has been much more considerable. The Austrians now occupy the left bank of the Sambre. No certain accounts have been yet received of the further motions of the enemy.

I am, &c.

(Signed) JAMES MURRAY.

[Here end the GAZETTES.]

[FROM OTHER PAPERS.]

ON the 14th of July last, a Convention, consisting of five articles, was signed at the camp before Mayence, by the Earl of Yarmouth and the Marquis de Lucchesini, on the part of their Britannic and Prussian Majesties, to the following effect:

"As the object of the war is to bring about such a form of government in France as shall ensure security and tranquillity to all Europe, the Contracting Parties bind themselves not to lay down their arms but by common consent; and not until restitution is obtained for any depredation which France may have made upon either of the said parties or of their friends and allies; and not to permit the exportation of any military or naval stores, corn, grain, or salt meat or provisions; and to employ all their means to injure the commerce of France; and also to prevent any neutral state from giving any protection, directly or indirectly, to the French."

Paris, Sept. 11. The distraction that reigns in the Convention, and throughout this metropolis, is difficult to describe. To give an idea of the Convention, we have only to quote the language of some of our most eminent orators and patriots. Yesterday Robespierre told the Convention, "the country is in the greatest danger. Our enemies have formed a plan for assassinating

assassinating the *boly* Mountain, the Jacobins, and all the patriots. Bread is scarce, this hurts our cause.—But I will mount the tribune, point to you our enemies, and tell you when to strike.”

Roverly boldly stood up and declared, “that the enemies of the Jacobins are in the Committee of Public Safety. Barrere, for instance, is a scoundrel—he has dared to say, if I am rightly informed, that Marseilles and Lyons are not counter-revolutionary cities, and that it was wrong to send troops against them.

[Robespierre here attempted to defend Barrere, but Roverly would not allow him to be heard.]

“Our enemies,” continues Roverly, “surround us on all sides—if you do not take care the Jacobins will be brought to the scaffold. Let us take the busts of Pelletier and Marat, and run through the streets of Paris, and say to the people, If you assist not your friends, they will be assassinated, as these two heroes were.”

As soon as Roverly had finished his speech, these measures were ordered to be adopted.

The Convention have passed a most cruel and arbitrary decree, for throwing into prison all foreigners. Artisans, who are employed in any of their manufactories are exempted from this decree, if they can bring two citizens to certify for their patriotism.

Sept. 20. The Convention, after hearing a report of the Committee of Public Instruction respecting a new division of the year, decreed:

1. The æra of the French shall be reckoned from the day of the foundation of the Republic, which took place Sept. 22, 1792, at the moment when the sun entered the equinoctial line in the sign of the Balance.

2. The common or vulgar æra is abolished; the year is divided into twelve months, each of thirty days, after which five days shall ensue, which shall make part of no month whatever.

3. Each month shall be divided into three parts, of ten days each.

4. The months shall bear the names of the *Liberty and Equality of the People*, of the *Regeneration of the Mountain*, of the *Republic*, of the *Tennis Court*, of *Unity*, *Fraternity*, of the *Pikes*, and the *Sans Culottes*, &c.

5. The days shall bear the names of the *Level*, of the *Cap of Liberty*, of the *National Cockade*, of the *Plough*, of the *Compass*, of the *Fascies*, of *Cannon*, of *Oak*, of *Rest*, &c.

6. Every four years *Olympic Games* shall be celebrated in honour and rejoicing of the French Revolution.

This report, the result of the observations of the *first* French Astronomers, was crowned with the loudest bursts of applause.

Sept. 21. Barrere made a report respecting the Navigation Act. “If the Convention, said he, thought proper to proclaim on the 21st of September 1792 the liberty of the land, by proclaiming the French Republic, it is their duty to proclaim on the 21st of September 1793, the liberty of the seas, by proclaiming their Act of Navigation.” Here Barrere took pains to prove the utility of such an Act, which might furnish means to destroy the superiority of the navy of Great Britain.

“These proud islanders,” said he, “have long since aspired at the exclusive empire of the seas. They thought the present war would furnish them with a plausible pretence to sanction their pride.

“It was by her Navigation Act that England made us tributary; it was into her harbours the Americans imported the grains of Pennsylvania, the tobaccos of Virginia, and all the productions of the New World, a circumstance which compelled us to purchase them at a high price. The English have fathomed all kinds of crimes to destroy us. Cato said in the Senate of Rome, “Let proud Carthage perish!” Exactly such is the sentence which the French Senate ought to pronounce upon modern Carthage (London).”

The report of Barrere was received amidst the loudest bursts of applause.

Monday, Sept. 23. Andre Dumont rose and informed the Convention, that every day new discoveries are made of plots against the Republic, but we shall discover them all in time, said he. The following persons have been arrested:

Lestres (probably Temple Luttrell is here meant), a Member of the British Parliament, and brother-in-law to the late Duke of Cumberland; Letrang, a page to Marie Antoinette, late Queen; General Riaud; Moncogner, a Chevalier of St. Louis; Hule, a nonjuring priest; and several English of some rank, to the number of 40 persons.—The Abbe Lanatier has escaped. Several of the conspirators have large hidden treasures, which we will force them to discover. We have found out that the arrested Member of the English Parliament belongs to the party in Opposition; and we shall accordingly treat him with every proper respect.

Sept. 24. The Convention were filled with astonishment when the Minister of War appeared before them, and declared that the Executive Council had removed General Houchard from the command of the army in Flanders;

Flanders; Houchard who had obtained so many victories, who had compelled the Duke of York to raise the siege of Dunkirk, defeated Freytag, and killed 2000 Hanoverians, and driven the Dutch from Menin, besides other noble exploits. Duroy and several other Members expressed their surprise at this extraordinary measure.

The War Minister proceeded in acquainting the Convention that General Jourdan was to succeed Houchard in the command of the army of the North; that Ferrand was to command the army of the Ardennes, in the room of Jourdan; and that Delmas was to command the army of the Rhine, which is opposed to the Duke of Brunswick, in the room of Landremont, who was also displaced for suffering his troops to be defeated at Pirmasens.

Houchard is accused of not pursuing the advantages he had gained over the enemy, when he might have taken the Duke of York and the English troops prisoners. St. Andre asserted that he was such another traitor as Custine, and ought to suffer the same fate. "If Houchard had not been displaced," says Andre, "the northern frontier would have been lost."

However, the real cause of his disgrace is supposed to arise from some contempt shewn to the orders of the Executive Council, or to the Commissioners appointed to superintend his conduct; for such is the jealousy of our rulers, that in all our armies there are two inspectors, sent from the Convention to watch over every act and every word of the General and his confidential friends, who are called his Staff, such as his Adjutant-General, his Aids-du Camp, &c.

Sept. 25. Billaud Varennes addressed the Convention in the following words:

"Know, Representatives of France, that you have formidable armies.—Know that your fleets are preparing, even at the moment I am speaking, to inflict a terrible vengeance on Great Britain.

"Your Committee of Public Safety has determined to attack Rome in Rome herself.—One hundred thousand men are ready to make a descent upon Great Britain.

"Such are the views of the Committee.—If they are supported by the Convention, the English will soon be convinced that Frenchmen are as brave as themselves, and scorn to conquer by the aid of corruption.—They will be convinced that the fate of Carthage impends over their proud capital, whose head must soon be bowed down to the dust."

Oct. 3. Amar presented the Report relative to Brissot, and the other arrested Deputies, which was attended to with the most solemn silence, and a decree of accusation, in conclusion, passed against

Brissot,	Genfonne,
Syllery,	Doulcet,
Fontrede,	Mollevent,
Valaze Varadi,	Daprat,
Mainvielle,	Chambon,
Condorcet,	Fermont,
Mazurier,	Hardi,
Rouyer,	Lafource,
Duval (Lower Seine),	Deverite,
Noel,	Andre (of Corsica),
Grangeneuve,	Duperret,
Vergneaux,	Guadet,
Fauchet,	Ducos,
Gamon,	Gaudier,
Vallee,	Buonnet,
De la Haye,	Lacaze,
Liddon,	Savary,
Lehardi,	Borleaw,
Antibout,	Isnard,
Conillard,	Benon,
Vegee,	Carra.

The Decree orders them to be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, for having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

The accusation, however, against Buzot, Louvet, and Petion, is not in any particular altered by this Decree.

Such as signed the Protests of the 6th and 19th of June, and are not mentioned in the first article of the present Decree, are instantly to be put in a state of arrest, and their effects sealed up. The Committee of General Safety is to prepare separate Reports relative to them.

The names of those persons who signed the Protests, which amount to fifty-four, we have not now room to repeat.

A Member was surprised that the discussion of a decree of accusation should be delayed, when the accused were so manifestly guilty of treason, and had of course incurred the most exemplary punishment.

Fontrede, one of the arrested Deputies, requested permission to state some particulars relative to a fact contained in the Report.

He was desired to defer his statement till he should be tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal.

"Ducos and I," exclaimed he, "have been accused of having written letters to Bourdeaux."

Albute, interrupting him, "of having massacred the patriots at Marseilles, of having produced the surrender of Toulon, the rebellion of Lyons, the defection of La Vendee; of all these crimes you are accused.—Attempt not to speak here, the Tribunal is the proper place."

PHILIPPE EGALITE.

Billaud Varennes—"Let not the Convention forget one man, whom every sentence of the Report accuses of the most criminal intentions. I move that Philippe Egalite should

should be comprised in the Decree of Accusation which delivers all the conspirators to the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris."

The motion was received with great applause, and immediately decreed.

Billaud Varennes in continuation.—"I would have the conduct of the Convention as dignified as it is just. The Decree we are about to pronounce should be pronounced with as much solemnity as that which ordered the tyrant to the scaffold. Let every Member deliver his opinion, and each arm himself with the poignard which is to inflict vengeance on the traitors. I move that the Decree should be pronounced by the Appel Nominel.

Robespierre.—"I do not see the necessity of supposing that the National Convention is divided into two parts; one composed of the Friends of the People; the other of the conspirators who have betrayed their country. I see here no traitors except those mentioned in the Report, who will soon receive the punishment which they deserve. Except themselves there can be no man so stupid as not to know that these conspirators have lighted the flames that consume Lyons and Marseilles—that they have deluged with blood Belgia, La Vendee, Toulon, and every place where their baneful influence has been successful. I move that the Decree of Accusation should simply be put to the vote."

The Convention passed the Decree of Accusation, and adopted the other propositions of the Committee of General Safety.

[As soon as it was known by the people, who waited in great crowds on the outside of the Thuilleries, that the Convention had had passed the Decree of Accusation, exclamations of *Vive la Republique!* proceeded from every person.]

Albiste moved, that Aubry be decreed in a state of accusation. "He was the man—he was the man," he exclaimed, "who, while he was Member of the Military Committee, made you pass decrees, whose concealed object was to disorganize your military system.—He was the man who wished to disperse the Pyrenean army, who wished to make Grenoble the central point of the circle of the Force Departmentale. The proofs of these facts are deposited with the Committee of General Safety."

Aubry requested leave to speak.

He was told that the Revolutionary Tribunal was the proper place for him to make his defence.

Levasseur moved the Decree of Accusation against Vigee.—Decreed.

Duroy moved a similar Decree against Richon, Member of the right side of the Convention, who, in conjunction with Buzot, had produced the troubles in the de-

partment of the Eure.—The motion was agreed to.

Billaud Varennes.—"The Convention has just performed a signal act of justice. But why this delay with respect to that wretch who has occasioned the shedding of so much blood? Need I mention the name of the woman to whom I allude? Need I say that she is the widow of Louis Capet? I move that her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal begin this week."

The motion was agreed to.

Brussels, Oct. 7. Drouet, the infamous monster who delivered Louis the XVIth to his executioners, in stopping him at Varennes, was brought yesterday morning into this city. He is closely guarded at the ancient Hotel of Finance. Every sort of arms or instruments has been taken from him; he is strictly watched; he is obliged to eat, and his morsel is cut for him. He was Deputy of the Convention and Commissioner at Maubeuge. Afraid of being shut up in that garison, which is closely blockaded, he set off on the 3d instant, under the escort of about seventy troopers, to go to Philippeville, and from thence to the army of the Ardennes. His escort was attacked by the hussars of Blankenstein; it fled; fifteen were taken, and the rest escaped. Drouet himself would have escaped, if his horse had not fallen with him. Papers were found upon him of which the importance is not yet known. The dragoons who escorted him declared, that he was the Post-master of St. Manehould, and author of the crimes committed at Varennes, which he did not deny.

Paris, Oct. 8. Guffas, a Member of the Convention, and till the 31st of May the Editor of a Journal, was apprehended on the 6th, at ten in the evening, in the house of a female bookseller, with whom he was supposed to have an intrigue. He attempted to escape out of a window, but was seized and carried before the Committee of General Safety. As he had been declared by the Convention a traitor, and an out-law, the Revolutionary Tribunal had only to identify his person; and he was executed yesterday.

In a late report made by Barrere concerning La Vendee, he observed, that the rising in a mass had not succeeded; that the too great number collected had been more hurtful than useful; that 41,000 Republicans had fled before 5000 robbers, and that disunion among their Generals had caused the ruin of their measures; that the subduing of La Vendee was the first object to which they ought to attend; for, that accomplished, they would have 50,000 men more against their foreign enemies.—He then proposed recompences to the Generals and troops who shall rid their country of this terrible scourge.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEPT. 24.

THIS day Cowdry-house in Sussex (the seat of Lord Montague) was burnt down. The Architecture was Gothic, and the form quadrangular; in the middle of the quadrangle was a reservoir of excellent water. The great hall was wainscoted with cedar, and was called the Buck-hall, from having been ornamented with the figures of several bucks; one in particular was pointed out to visitors as the identical antlers of a stag which Queen Elizabeth actually shot, when (in one of her excursions) she visited that park and mansion.—The house was, in general, fully and richly furnished, and very much ornamented with paintings, some of which were excellent, particularly two or three family portraits; but what gave high celebrity to the paintings of the house, were the historical pieces by Hans Holbein: these pieces chiefly exhibited processions in London, in the reign of Henry VIII. wherein Sir Anthony Brown, an ancestor of the family, made a conspicuous figure, in a party-coloured garment, the dress he wore when he stood proxy for his master, at his marriage of Ann of Cleves.

It is worthy of notice, that in the Civil Wars, Cromwell's troops besieged and broke into this noble mansion. The family had secreted the valuables, and plaistered the pictures of the royal processions with a thick white-wash, to prevent their being seen and defaced by the republican forces; but it is curious to know, that while Cromwell's troops were in possession of the house, an Officer, playing with his pike, struck the white-washed painting with its point; and afterwards, when the white-wash was removed, it was found he had defaced the head of Henry VIII.

BRISTOL RIOTS.

When the tolls were let last year, the Auctioneer employed by the Trustees specified that it was the last time the public would be burdened with the tax; and the bridge had actually been FREE for about ten days, the late lessee of the tolls having, it is said, been reimbursed by subscription, for what they might have amounted to in that time. By the account published by the Trustees, it appears that after defraying the expence of building the bridge, they had 1050*l.* in their hands; this was thought an inadequate fund for future repairs, and as the Act authorized them to levy the tolls till they had 2000*l.* surplus, they advertised them to be again let: the populace, recurring to the auctioneer's promise, took fire at this, as an

infringement of a public agreement, repaired to the bridge, and destroyed the toll-gates, posts and boards: the tolls were notwithstanding left, and the Magistrates avowed their determination to support the lessee in collecting them. New gates were erected, and it was intended to collect the tolls on Sunday the 29th inst.—but on the preceding day the mob again assembled, pulled down the gates, and burnt them. The Mayor and other Magistrates repaired to the bridge, and endeavoured to persuade the people to disperse; the tumult increasing, they sent for a party of the Herefordshire militia, and Mr. Daubigny (a Magistrate, and formerly Member for the city) read the Riot Act: the soldiers were pelted, and by order of the Magistrates then fired, by which one man (John Abbott) was killed, and seven or eight were wounded. Many others were taken into custody, and the city was in a ferment the whole night.

The purchaser of the tolls attended on Sunday and demanded payment, which was generally refused; the Magistrates, assisted by the military, enforced the payment of some—many pressed through without paying, and others were again taken into custody for riotous behaviour, but the day passed without bloodshed.

New gates were erected on Monday morning; and the renter having resigned his lease, the tolls were demanded for the Trustees; the Magistrates thought it incumbent on them to maintain their own authority by supporting the Trustees, but (as will be seen by their statement) the military were found necessary.

The number of people assembled, when the soldiers were unfortunately obliged to fire, is estimated at upwards of 500; they fired in three directions—up High-street, down the Back, and over the bridge: about 15 persons were killed, and near 40 wounded, some of them dangerously; three bodies have been taken out of the river, one of them a genteel person, though unknown, with a watch and ten guineas in his pocket; and 29 of the wounded are in the Infirmary.

A very formidable body of the populace were assembled again on Tuesday night, though the collection of the toll was abandoned, some of the principal citizens having offered to present to the Trustees the sum for which they were let. The windows of the Council House were broken; but a troop of dragoons arriving, with the Brecon and Monmouthshire militia, the populace retired to their homes.

The Herefordshire militia having retired from Bristol to the Riding-school at the Hotwells, a large mob assembled on Friday night, and resolved to march and attack them; but the dragoons appearing and galloping through the streets, they were soon dispersed, without injury to any one.—All was calm on Saturday morning; and it is hoped this unhappy affair is now terminated.

There cannot exist a doubt of these riots having been instigated at great labour and expence by some desperate Jacobin faction in this kingdom.

30. John Piggot, commonly called Louie Piggot, and William Hudson, dined at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate hill. Shortly after their dinner, they became vociferous in giving toasts to each other, and in so loud a manner, as to be taken notice of by every gentleman in the Coffee-room.

Piggot gave "The French Republic" aloud; which was immediately resented by a gentleman present, who gave "The King," which was drank with three by every person present. Mr. Leech, the master of the Coffee-house, had previously taken notice of their improper conduct, and soon after sent for three constables from the Poultry Compter, who took the above persons into custody. They were next day examined before Mr. Alderman Anderson, at Guildhall, who remanded them to appear again on the following day before him. Mr. Leech, the master of the Coffee-house; Mr. Newman, of Newgate-street; and a Mr. Vaughan, of Bristol, were examined, and it was proved in evidence, that they had given the following toasts, and spoken in a very disaffected manner:

"The system of Equality."

"May the Republic of France be triumphant over all Europe!"

The Lord Mayor was talked of in the most opprobrious terms for his public conduct, and in a manner which, as it was totally untrue, we shall not repeat.

The King was spoken of in a manner equally improper and seditious; and so was the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, whom they called a swine dealer.

The Ministry were denominated robbers and highwaymen.

The Constable who accompanied them in the coach to the Compter deposed, that on their way thither they called from the coach windows to the people—"The French Republic, and Liberty while you live!"

On the same day, Lawrence Jones was apprehended by Jealous and Kennedy in Bridge-street, Westminster, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of Mr. Campbell, collecting clerk to Mess. Vere and Co. bankers.

The apprehension of Jones was a mere accident.—The above officers were attending in Palace-yard, while the Sheriffs of London

for the year ensuing were sworn in, where they saw Jones, and took him into custody. Previous to their taking him to gaol they took him into the King's Arms Tavern, when, on searching him, they found a great quantity of notes and bills to a considerable amount, together with a direction to a house in Peckham Rye-lane, to which place they went, and found a great quantity of papers, among which was a letter to Mr. Pitt, the whole of which were brought up to Bow-street.—The prisoner has served as Lieutenant in the Queen's Rangers in America, but sold out some time back; subsequent to this, he has been confined in Newgate for debt.

Oct. 14. About eight o'clock in the evening, Mrs Caroline Herschel discovered a Comet in the constellation of the Serpent; but the heavens were clouded over so suddenly, that its place could not be taken: On Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock, Dr. Herschel ascertained its situation, and found that it preceded the first Ophiuchi 6 minutes 34 seconds in time, and was 1 degree, 25 minutes more north than that star.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Since every thing relating to the present situation of that unfortunate Princess interests so much the feelings of our readers, it is with painful sorrow we inform them, that the anguish and sufferings of Marie Antoinette are much increased by the humidity of the cell in which she is confined in the Conciergerie. Her feet are swollen to such a size, that she cannot stir from one spot to another without being supported:

So great are her sufferings, as to have operated even upon the light-horsemen to whose custody she is committed. One of them, deeply impressed with a sense of her woes, waited on the Council of the Commons, requesting that relief might be granted to that wretched Queen; intimating at the same time, that the Council would confer a great favour upon him by exempting him from being any farther a witness to such scenes of horror. This application was received with manifest tokens of disapprobation. Two Commissioners were however ordered to repair to the cell of the widow Capet, to ask what was her ailment. Marie Antoinette, with dignified fortitude, replied, that she ailed nothing! The Commissioners instantly turned from the Queen, when another light-horseman stopped them in their passage, and with genial good-nature said to the Commissioners, "Pray, only see how she suffers! shew her some little sympathy!" This intercession was instantly rejected with a blunt "*Allez donc! allez donc!*" (Begone, begone!) The Queen obtained no relief; and her advocate has since been arrested as a person suspected of anticivism and counter-revolutionary principles.

MOCK TRIAL OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

ACT OF ACCUSATION AND INTERRO- GATORY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE OF AUSTRIA, CI-DEVANT QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BEING interrogated as to her names, surnames, age, qualities, place of birth and abode, answered, That her name is Marie Antoinette Lorraine, of Austria, aged about 38 years, widow of the King of France, born at Vienna, finding herself at the time of her arrest in the place of the Sitting of the National Assembly.

The Greffier read the Act of Accusation; which, among other things, stated,

“That by a Decree of the Convention, of the 1st of August last, Marie Antoinette, widow of Louis Capet, has been brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, as accused of conspiring against France:—That an examination being made of all the pieces transmitted by the Public Accuser, it appears that, like Messalina Brunchaut, Fredegonde, and Medeis, who were formerly *qualified with the titles of Queens of France*, whose names have ever been odious, and will never be effaced from the page of history—

“Marie Antoinette, widow of Louis Capet, has since her abode in France been the *scourge and the blood-sucker* of the French; that even before the *happy Revolution* which gave the French people their sovereignty, she had political correspondence with a *man called the King of Bohemia and Hungary*; that this correspondence was contrary to the interests of France; that not content with acting in concert with the brothers of Louis Capet, and the infamous and execrable Calonne, at that time Minister of the Finances; with having squandered the finances of France (the fruit of the sweat of the people) in a dreadful manner, to satisfy inordinate pleasures, and to pay the agents of her *criminal intrigues*, it is notorious that she has at different times transmitted millions to the Emperor, which served him, and still supports him to sustain a war against the Republic; and that it is by such excessive plunder that she has at length exhausted the National Treasury.

“That since the Revolution the widow Capet has not for a moment withheld criminal intelligence and correspondence with Foreign Powers; and in the interior of the Republic, by agents devoted to her,

whom she subsidized and caused to be paid out of the treasury of the *ci-devant* Civil List; that at various epochs she has employed every manœuvre that she thought consistent with her perfidious views to bring about a Counter-Revolution. First, having, under a pretext of a necessary re-union between the *ci-devant* Gardes du-Corps and the officers and soldiers of the regiment of Flanders, contrived a repast between these two corps on the 1st of October 1789, which degenerated into an absolute orgy as she desired, and during the course of which the agents of the widow Capet perfectly seconded her Counter-Revolutionary projects; brought the greater part of the guests, in the moment of inebriety, to sing songs expressive of their most entire devotion to the Throne, and the most marked aversion for the people; of having excited them *insensibly* to wear the white cockade, and to tread the national cockade under foot; and of having authorised, by her presence, all the Counter-Revolutionary excesses, particularly in encouraging the women who accompanied her to distribute these white cockades among the guests; and having, on the 4th of the same month, testified the most immoderate joy at what passed during these orgies.

“Secondly—Having, in concert with Louis Capet, directed to be distributed very plentifully throughout the kingdom, publications of a Counter-Revolutionary nature, some of which were pretended to have been published by the conspirators on the other side of the Rhine (meaning, we suppose, at Cobientz), such as *Petitions to the Emigrants—Reply of the Emigrants—the Emigrants to the People—the Shortest Follies are the best—the Order of March—the Return of the Emigrants*, and other such writings:—of having even carried her perfidy and dissimulation to such a height, as to have circulated writings in which she herself is described in very unfavourable colours, in order to cloak the imposture; thereby to make it to be believed by foreign Powers that she was extremely ill-treated by Frenchmen, to instigate them to go to war with France.”

The different charges ran to a prodigious length. The following is a short abstract of the charges on which the Trial turned:

“Marie Antoinette was further accused, that being brought to Paris, she immediately began to intrigue with the Members of the Legislature, and held nightly meetings with them.

“That

"That she was accessory in getting bad Ministers appointed, in order that her views might be assisted.

"That her creatures were placed in all the public offices; men who were known to be conspirators to liberty.

"That she was accessory in bribing the Members of the Legislative Assembly to declare war against the Emperor her brother.

"That she gave intelligence to the enemy of the plans of the campaign, as soon as they were determined on by the Council; which was the cause of many failures which the French arms experienced.

"That she combined with her agents in plotting the overthrow of the Constitution on the 10th day of August 1792.

"That on the 9th of the same month she got a number of Swiss Guards into the Thuilleries, encouraged them to make cartouches, and animated Louis Capet to order his soldiers to fire.

"That the civil war which now rages in France has been produced by her intrigues.

"That, finally, Marie Antoinette is such an adept in all sorts of crimes, that"—[Modesty forbids us to mention a charge equally false, abominable, and inhuman.]

According to this report, the Public Accuser brings the above accusations against Marie Antoinette, qualifying herself in her interrogatory by the title of *Lorraine and Austria*, widow of Louis Capet; and states,

1st. "That in conjunction with the brothers of Louis Capet, and the infamous Ex-Minister Calonne, she squandered away in the most horrid manner the French finances, sent innumerable sums to the Emperor, and drained the National Treasury.

2d. "That as well by herself as by the aid of her counter-revolutionary agents, she kept up a correspondence with the enemies of the Republic, and informed these enemies, or caused them to be informed, of all the plans of campaigns and attacks resolved on and determined on in the Council.

3d. "That through her intrigues and manoeuvres, and those of her agents, she formed conspiracies and plots against the interior and exterior safety of France; and to that effect kindled a civil war in divers provinces of the Republic, armed the citizens against one another, and by these means spilled the blood of an incalculable number of citizens, contrary to the 6th article of

the first section of the Penal Code, and to the 2d article of the second section of the same code.

"In consequence of all which charges, the Public Accuser requests that an act of the present accusation be given him by the Tribunal; that it be ordained, that on his requisition, and through the channel of a Serjeant at Arms, Marie Antoinette, qualifying herself by the title of *Lorraine and Austria*, widow of Louis Capet, actually confined in the prison called the Conciergerie of the Palace, be entered on the registers of the said prison, there to remain in the same as in a house of justice; and that the sentence to be given shall be notified to the Municipality of Paris and to the accused.

Done in the Chamber of the Public Accuser, the first day of the third decade of the first month of the second year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed)

"ANTOINE QUENTIN FOUQUIER."

SENTENCE OF THE QUEEN.

"The Tribunal, in compliance with the request of the Public Accuser, grants him an act of the accusation by him made against Marie Antoinette, called of *Lorraine and Austria*, widow of Louis Capet; and orders that, agreeable to the said request, and through the means of a Serjeant at Arms, bearer of this Ordonnance, Marie Antoinette, widow of Louis Capet, shall be bodily arrested, and entered on the registers of the prison called the Conciergerie, where she is actually detained, there to remain, the same as in a house of justice; and that the present Ordonnance be notified to the Municipality of Paris, and to the accused.

"Done and judged at the Tribunal, the 2d day of the 3d decade of the first month of the 2d year of the Republic, by the Citizens Armand-Martial Joseph Herman, Etienne Foucault, Gabriel Toussaint Scheiller, Pierre Andre Coffin-hall, Gabriel de Liege, Pierre Louis Ragmay, Antoine Marie Maire, Francois-Joseph Denizot, Etienne Maçon, all Judges of the Tribunal."

The President said to the accused, after the act of accusation had been read [and which she heard without seeming to be in the least moved], "This is what you are accused of—lend an attentive ear—you are going to hear the charges laid against you."

He then proceeded to the examination of the witnesses.

Laurent Lecointre, Deputy to the National Convention, deposed against the accused, for having formerly been the wife of the *ci-devant* King of France; and for being the person who, at the time of her removal to the Temple, had charged him with a Memorial to the Convention, in order to gain over twelve or fourteen persons, whom she mentioned, to what she called her service. The Convention, on that occasion, passed to the order of the day, upon the ground that he should address himself to the Municipality.

The deponent then entered upon the detail of the festivals and orgies which took place at Versailles, from the year 1789; the result of which had been a dreadful dilapidation in the finances of France. The witness gave a detail of what preceded and followed the assemblies of the Notables, till the epocha of the opening of the States General; the state of the generous inhabitants of Versailles; their grievous perplexities on the 23d of June 1789, when the artillery-men of Nassau, whose artillery was placed in the stables belonging to the accused, refused to fire upon the people. At length, the Parisians having shaken off the yoke of tyranny, this revolutionary movement re-animating the energy of their brethren at Versailles. They formed the very hardy and courageous project of freeing themselves from the oppression of the despot or of his agents. On the 28th of July, the citizens of Versailles formed a wish to organize themselves into National Guards, like their brethren of Paris. They nevertheless proposed to consult the King; the negociator was the *ci-devant* Prince de Poix. Endeavours were made to prolong the matter; but the organization having been made, the staff was appointed; D'Estaing was named Commandant-General, and Gouvernet second in command.

The witness here entered into the detail of the facts which preceded and followed the arrival of the regiment of Flanders. The accused, on the 29th of September, sent for some Officers of the National Guard, and made them a present of two colours; a third remained, which they were told was destined for a battalion of pretended guards, paid for the avowed purpose; as it was declared, of relieving the inhabitants of Versailles, who were thus cajoled; at the same time that it was affected to pity them, they in reality were abhorred.

On the 29th of September 1789, the

National Guard gave a repast to its brave brethren, the soldiers of the regiment of Flanders. The public journals gave an account at the time, that at the repast of the citizens, nothing passed contrary to the principles of liberty; but that the feast given October the first by the Gardes du Corps, had no other aim than to provoke the National Guard against the *ci-devant* soldiers of Flanders, and the *Chasseurs des trois Evêchés*.

The witness observed, that the accused appeared at this latter part with her husband; that they were loudly applauded there: that the air of *O Richard! O my King!* was played: that the health of the King and Queen was drank, as well as that of her son; but that the health of the Nation, which had been proposed, was rejected. After this orgy, they removed themselves to the Castle of the *ci-devant* Court called *Marble*; and there, in order to give the King a just idea of the manner with which they were disposed to defend the interests of his family, if occasion required it, a person named Perceval, Aid-de Camp to D'Estaing, mounted the first; after him, a grenadier of the regiment of Flanders; a third dragoon having also attempted to scale the said balcony, and not being able to succeed, would have destroyed it. With respect to the said Perceval, he took the cross with which he was decorated, in order to give it to a grenadier, who, like him, had scaled the balcony of the *ci-devant* King.

Upon the request of the Public Accuser, the Tribunal ordered that a mandamus should be issued to bring forth Perceval and D'Estaing.

The witness added, that on the 3d of the same month of October, the Gardes du Corps gave a second repast. It was there that the most violent outrages were committed upon the National cockade, which was trodden under foot.

The deponent here detailed what happened at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October. He observed, that on the day of the 6th of October, D'Estaing being informed of the movements which were making in Paris, went to the Municipality of Versailles, in order to obtain permission to carry away the *ci-devant* King, who was then hunting, and who was entirely ignorant of what was passing, with a promise to bring him back when tranquillity should be restored. The witness deposited upon the desk the pieces relative to the facts contained in his declaration, which were added to the process.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE ACCUSED.

"Have you any observations to make upon the witness's deposition?"

Reply—"I have no knowledge of the greater part of the facts which the witness mentions. It is true, that I gave two colours to the National Guard at Versailles; and it is also true, that we walked round the table on the day of the repast given by the Gardes du Corps; but this is all."

President—"You acknowledge that you were in the Hall of the *ci-devant* Gardes du Corps. Were you there when they played the air of *O Richard! O my King?*"

Reply—"I do not recollect."

President—"Were you there when the health of the Nation was proposed, and rejected?"

Reply—"I do not think that I was."

President—"It is notorious, that the report all over France at that time was, that you had yourself visited the three armed corps at Versailles, for the purpose of engaging them to defend what you called the Prerogatives of the Throne?"

Reply—"I have nothing to answer."

President—"Did you not, before the 14th of July, hold nocturnal meetings, at which Polignac assisted; and was it not there deliberated upon the means of sending money to the Emperor?"

Reply—"I never assisted at any such meetings."

President—"Have you any knowledge of the famous Bed of Justice held by Louis Capet in the midst of the Representatives of the People?"

Reply—"I have."

President—"Was it not D'Espremenil and Thouret, assisted by Barentin, who revised the articles that were proposed?"

Reply—"I am entirely ignorant of this matter?"

President—"Your answers are not accurate; for it was in your apartments that the articles were revised."

Reply—"It was in the Council that this affair was determined."

President—"Did not your husband read his speech to you half an hour before he entered the Hall of the Representatives of the People, and did you not engage him to pronounce it with resolution?"

Reply—"My husband had great confidence in me, and that made him read his speech; but I made no observations."

President—"What were the deliberations upon surrounding the Representatives of the People with bayonets, and assassinating half of them if possible?"

Reply—"I never heard mention of such a thing."

President—"You cannot have been ignorant that there were troops in the Champ de Mars. You must know the cause of their being assembled?"

Reply—"I knew at the time that troops were assembled, and I am absolutely ignorant of the motive."

President—"But enjoying the confidence of your husband, you must have known the cause?"

Reply—"It was to restore public tranquillity."

President—"What use have you made of the immense sums which you have been entrusted with?"

Reply—"No enormous sum has been entrusted to me; the accounts of my Household will prove what use has been made of all I have received."

President—"How did the Family of the Polignacs, who were so poor at first, grow so rich?"

Reply—"The Family held Offices at Court which were very lucrative."

[To be continued in our next.]

MURDER OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

This unfortunate Princess suffered under the axe of the Guillotine on Wednesday the 16th inst. after having been condemned on the preceding day, by the remnant of the Conventionists, as guilty of having been accessory to, and having co-operated in, different manoeuvres against the liberty of France; of having entertained a correspondence with the enemies of the Republic; of having participated in a plot tending to kindle civil war in the interior of the Republic, by arming citizens against each other.

When the sentence of the Conventionists was read to the Queen, she cast down her eyes, and did not again lift them up. "Have you nothing to reply upon the determination of the law?" said the President to her. "Nothing," she replied. "And you, officious defenders?" "Our mission is fulfilled with respect to the widow Capet," said they.

The murder took place at half past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The whole armed force in Paris was on foot, from the Palace of Justice (diabolically so named) to the Place de la Revolution. The streets were lined by two very close rows of armed ruffians. As soon as the Queen left the Conciergerie, to ascend the scaffold, the hired mob which was assembled in the courts and the streets, cried out

bravo!

bravo, in the midst of plaudits. She had on a white loose dress, and her hands were tied behind her back. She looked firmly round her on all sides. She was accompanied by the *ci-devant* Curate of St. Landry, a Constitutional Priest; and on the scaffold preserved her natural dignity of mind.

After the murder, three young persons dipped their handkerchiefs in her blood. *They were immediately arrested.*

Fronson de Coudray, and Chaveau de la Garas, the pleaders for the Queen, had been put in a *state of arrest* before her sentence was pronounced, by order of the Committee of General Safety.

Thus then has Marie Antoinette, the

unfortunate Queen of France, been brought to the block, and thereby terminated a miserable existence. The descendant of the Cæsars, condemned by a few of the lowest and most sanguinary of her late subjects, has perished under the hands of a common hangman. The assassination of Louis XVI. had prepared the world for that of his unfortunate consort; and the horrid calumnies circulated by the Convention and the Municipality of Paris, as well as by the Jacobins, had long since weakened all hopes for her preservation. The unworthy treatment when she was confined in a loathsome and damp room, appeared only as the forerunner of her execution.

MONTHLY OBITUARY for OCTOBER 1793.

JULY.

AT Kingston, Jamaica, William Fortescue Harris, esq. principal clerk of the Revenue Department in the Receiver-General's Office, and major of the Post Royal regiment of foot militia.

14. At Tobago, Mr. Alexander Mackay, architect, son of Mr. Mackay, oilman, Piccadilly.

AUGUST. At Dominica, Simon Frazer, son of Mr. Frazer, of Coleman street.

SEPT. 5. At the Ouidas de Rainha in Portugal, the Hon. Harriott Frances O'Neale, wife of John O'Neale, of Stanes Castle in Ireland.

9. At Yverdun in Switzerland, Isaac Bourgeois, esq. father of Sir Francis Bourgeois, of the Royal Academy. He was a native of England of Swiss extraction.

The Rev. John Rousby, rector of Crombe in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

11. At Staindrop, Durham, the Rev. Peter Fisher, A. M. rector of that parish.

Henry Wight, esq. Blakeley-Hall, Northamptonshire, aged 65.

13. Dr. Cabbell, physician, at Taunton.

15. At East Tuddenham, Norfolk, aged upwards of 70, the Rev. Thomas Roger Du Quinct, prebendary of Ely, vicar of the consolidated livings of Honingham and East Tuddenham, and rector of Osmondston alias Scole, both in that county.

Abraham Saunders, esq. senior alderman of Gloucester.

At Adwalton Yorkshire, the Rev. Thomas Whitelegg, B. A. of Peniston.

16. The Rev. Mr. Rooke, rector of All Saints, and vicar of St. Michael's, Southampton.

17. Henry Lambe, esq. of Ardleigh, late captain of the East Essex regiment of militia; and the next day Mrs. Lambe, his mother.

18. Mr. James King, weaver, Moorfields.

In New North-street, Red Lion-square, John Barnfather, esq.

Mr. Frederic Baillie, Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

19. Mr. George Davis, of Truman's brewhouse, Spital-fields.

Alexander Lord Saltoun, of Baldwin's, Kent, in his 36th year.

20. Richard Harrison, esq. Upper Tooting, Surrey.

Mr. White, Father of the Corporation of Winchester.

Lately, at Falmouth, Captain George Wauchope, formerly commander of the King George Lisbon packet upon the Falmouth station.

21. At Bath, Edmund Probyn, esq. eldest son of Edmund Probyn, esq. of Newlands, Gloucestershire.

At Hillingdon near Uxbridge, Lady Bernard, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Francis St. John, of Longthorpe in Northamptonshire, relict of Sir John Bernard, and mother of the late Sir Robert Bernard, bart. of Brampton, Huntingdonshire.

At Derby, John Sharpe, esq. of Chigwell-house, Essex.

In Townsend-street, Dublin, George Hart, esq. one of his Majesty's counsel at law, and librarian of the Society of King's Inns.

22. At Canterbury, Thomas Piercy, esq. captain of the Royal Navy. He signalized himself in the engagement with Paul Jones, being then Commander of one of the ships which fought that piratical ruffian.

Mr. Thomas Norris, merchant, at Liverpool.

23. Nathaniel Lister, esq. of Armytage Park, Staffordshire, in the 69th year of his age. In 1761 he was elected one of the Representatives for the borough of Clitheroe, which he continued until 1773.

Lieutenant James Wilson, of the 30th regiment.

M. Vander An, secretary to the Society of Sciences at Haarlem, aged 75.

At Bruges, Lieut. John Board, of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.

24. George Banks, esq. Plymouth-Dock.

At Edinburgh, Mr. Alexander Simpson, cashier of the bank at Aberdeen.

Lately, at Edinburgh, the Hon. Andrew Erskine, fourth and youngest son of Alexander 5th Earl of Kelley.

25. At Sherborne Castle, Dorsetshire, Henry Earl Digby, lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Dorset and town of Poole, and Baron Digby in Ireland.

26. At Chatham, in his 85th year, major Rudyard, who was 28 years town-major of Gibraltar.

Lately, at Waterford in Ireland, aged 80, the Rev. William Do-nes, D. D. and dignitary of the cathedral in that city.

27. At Aberdeen, Alexander Robertson, esq. of Black Chambers.

Mr. Price, master of the academy in Upper-street, Islington.

The Rev. Mr. Kerby, rector of Bulwick, Northamptonshire. His wife died on the 16th.

At Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, the Rev. Charles Dickens, L. L. D. aged 73. He succeeded his father in the above rectory in 1746, who had enjoyed it upwards of 50 years. He was instituted to the vicarage of Hemingford Grey 1744, and was prebendary of Lincoln.

28. Mr. Davie, portrait painter, of John-street, Tottenham-court road.

Josiah Brown, esq. barrister at law.

Mr. John Griffin, of Ludgate-hill, colour-man.

Mr. Robert Eaton, principal permit examiner of the Excise Office.

29. Mr. John Southerden, almost 40 years master house-carpenter of Chatham Dock-yard.

Lately, at Chesterfield, aged 80 years and upwards, major Thomas Atherton Watton. He was lineally descended from Robert Atherton, esq. of Atherton Hall, Lancashire, sheriff of that county in the 9th year of King John.

OCT. 1. At Bath, Benjamin Colborne, esq. aged 77.

5. At Elkmont, near Brechin, Dr. Charles Ogilvie, late of Tobago.

6. The Rev. William Hodson, M. A. fellow and vice master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and vicar of Hitchin, Hertfordshire. He was the author of *Arfaces* and *Zoraida*, two tragedies, the latter acted at Drury-lane; and *The Adventures of a Night*, a farce, acted at the same Theatre. He took the degree of B. A. in 1764, M. A. in 1767. His death was very sudden. Having occasion to speak with Mr. Borlase the registrar,

he went to his house, and immediately on his sitting down in a chair, fell forwards and expired.

Mr. Vernor, Birch-in-lane, Cornhill.

Cadwallader Coker, esq. of St. James's-square, Bath.

Mr. Roe, apothecary, at Exeter.

7. Colonel William Hill, of the Isle of Wight.

At Hillsborough in the county of Down, Ireland, in his 78th year, the Right Hon. Wills Hill, Marquis of Downshire, Earl and Viscount Hillsborough, and Baron Kilwal-lin in the kingdom of Ireland; Earl of Hillsborough, Viscount Fairford, Lord and Baron of Harwich in the kingdom of England; a Member of the Privy Council of both kingdoms, and Governor of the county of Down. He was born at Fairford in Gloucestershire, 30th May, O. S. 1718; took his seat in the Irish House of Peers 11th Nov. 1743; was sworn of the Privy Council in Ireland in August 1746, and of the Privy Council in England in June 1754. In Oct. 1757 he was advanced to the rank of Earl, and to that of Marquis in Ireland in 1789. In 1756 he was created an English Baron, and in 1772 an English Viscount and Earl.

8. The Hon. John St. John, uncle of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, and brother of General St. John.

9. Mr. Fawcett, sen. of Drury-lane Theatre.

Mr. Jones, organist of St. Vedast, Foster-lane, and St. Michael le Querne.

10. Captain Hill, of the first regiment of Guards, who lately returned from the Continent in consequence of a severe indisposition.

Mr. Abraham Mouchet, 50 years wine-merchant in St. Ann's, Soho.

11. Philip Carteret Webb, esq. of Mil-ford-house, Surry.

12. At York, Lady Williamson, mother of Sir Hedworth Williamson, bart.

At Aberdeen, Mr. William Smith, advocate.

William Carter, Esq. lately elected mayor of Woodstock.

13. Mr. Taylor, apothecary, of Little Moorfields, in his 99th year.

Mr. William Crane, mercer, at Exeter.

14. Marmaduke Theakston, esq. of St. Martin's, near Richmond in Yorkshire, in his 87th year.

At Richmond, the Hon. Christopher Count Dalton, some years since Colonel Commandant of the Elector of Saxony's Body Guards, and brother to General Dalton, lately killed at the siege of Dunkirk.

The Rev. Robert Jenner, student of Christ Church, Oxford.

Lately, William Gundry, esq. at Dorchester, aged 74, one of the senior aldermen of that borough.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS IN OCTOBER 1793.

Comm. Excheq. Bills.

	Bank Stock.	3perCt reduc.	3 per Ct. Consols.	3perCt Scrip.	4perCt 1777.	5perCt Ann.	Long Ann.	Ditto, 1778.	S. Sea Stock.	Old Ann.	New Ann.	3perCt 1751.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	New Navy.	Exche. Bills.	Dec. 31 1793	Mar. 31 1794	June 30 1794.
25			74 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	76 $\frac{7}{8}$		106 $\frac{1}{4}$							203 $\frac{1}{4}$		14 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{4}$ dif.				
26	171 $\frac{1}{2}$		74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	76 $\frac{3}{8}$		106 $\frac{1}{8}$							203	203 $\frac{1}{4}$	11 pr.					
27			74 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	76		106 $\frac{1}{8}$									10 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$				
28			74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$			106 $\frac{1}{4}$							205		9 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{8}$				
29	Sunday																			
30			74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$		106 $\frac{1}{4}$							205		12 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
1			74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$		106 $\frac{1}{4}$							204 $\frac{1}{4}$		12 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
2			75 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$	76		106 $\frac{1}{8}$							205 $\frac{1}{2}$			9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
3			74 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	76		106 $\frac{1}{8}$									14 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
4			74 $\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	76		106 $\frac{1}{8}$							205 $\frac{1}{4}$		20 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$			3 dif.	
5			75 a $\frac{7}{8}$	76 $\frac{7}{8}$											22 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
6	Sunday																			
7	172		75	76 $\frac{3}{4}$		106 $\frac{1}{2}$									24 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	3s. pr.			
8			75 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$		106 $\frac{1}{2}$							206 $\frac{1}{4}$	206 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	3s. pr.			
9			75 $\frac{1}{8}$			106									25 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{4}$				
10	172 $\frac{1}{8}$		75 $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$		106 $\frac{1}{2}$					75		206 $\frac{3}{4}$			9 $\frac{1}{2}$	2s. pr.			
11		74 $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 5-16	9 $\frac{5}{8}$					207			9 $\frac{1}{4}$				
12		74 $\frac{1}{8}$	74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{5}{8}$	90 $\frac{1}{4}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 5-16	9 $\frac{5}{8}$					206 $\frac{1}{2}$			9 $\frac{1}{4}$	2s. pr.			
13	Sunday																			
14		74 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$		90 $\frac{3}{4}$	106 $\frac{3}{4}$	21 5-16	9 $\frac{5}{8}$					206 $\frac{3}{4}$		19 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
15	167 $\frac{7}{8}$	74 $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$		90 $\frac{3}{4}$	106	21 5-16	9 9-16		73 $\frac{7}{8}$			207 $\frac{1}{4}$							
16	167 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{8}$	74 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$		90 $\frac{3}{4}$	106	21 5-16	9 9-16					207 $\frac{1}{4}$		19 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
17	168	74 $\frac{1}{8}$	75 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{3}{4}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 9-16					208 $\frac{1}{4}$		19 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$				
18	168 $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{8}$	75 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{3}{4}$						75		207 $\frac{1}{4}$	208	19 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{8}$	1s. pr.			
19	168 $\frac{3}{8}$	74 $\frac{1}{8}$	75 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{3}{8}$	106 $\frac{1}{8}$	21 $\frac{3}{8}$	9 9-16							19 pr.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$				
20	Sunday																			
21	168 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{3}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{4}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$							18 pr.	9 $\frac{5}{8}$				
22	167 $\frac{3}{4}$	73 $\frac{3}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{4}$	21 5-16	9 9-16							18 pr.	9 $\frac{5}{8}$				
23	167 $\frac{1}{4}$	74	74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{4}$	21 5-16	9 9-16							17 pr.		3s. pr.			
24		73 $\frac{3}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{4}$	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 9-16					207 $\frac{1}{4}$		17 pr.	9 $\frac{3}{4}$				
25																				

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the highest and lowest Price of each Day is given ; in the other Stocks the highest Price only.